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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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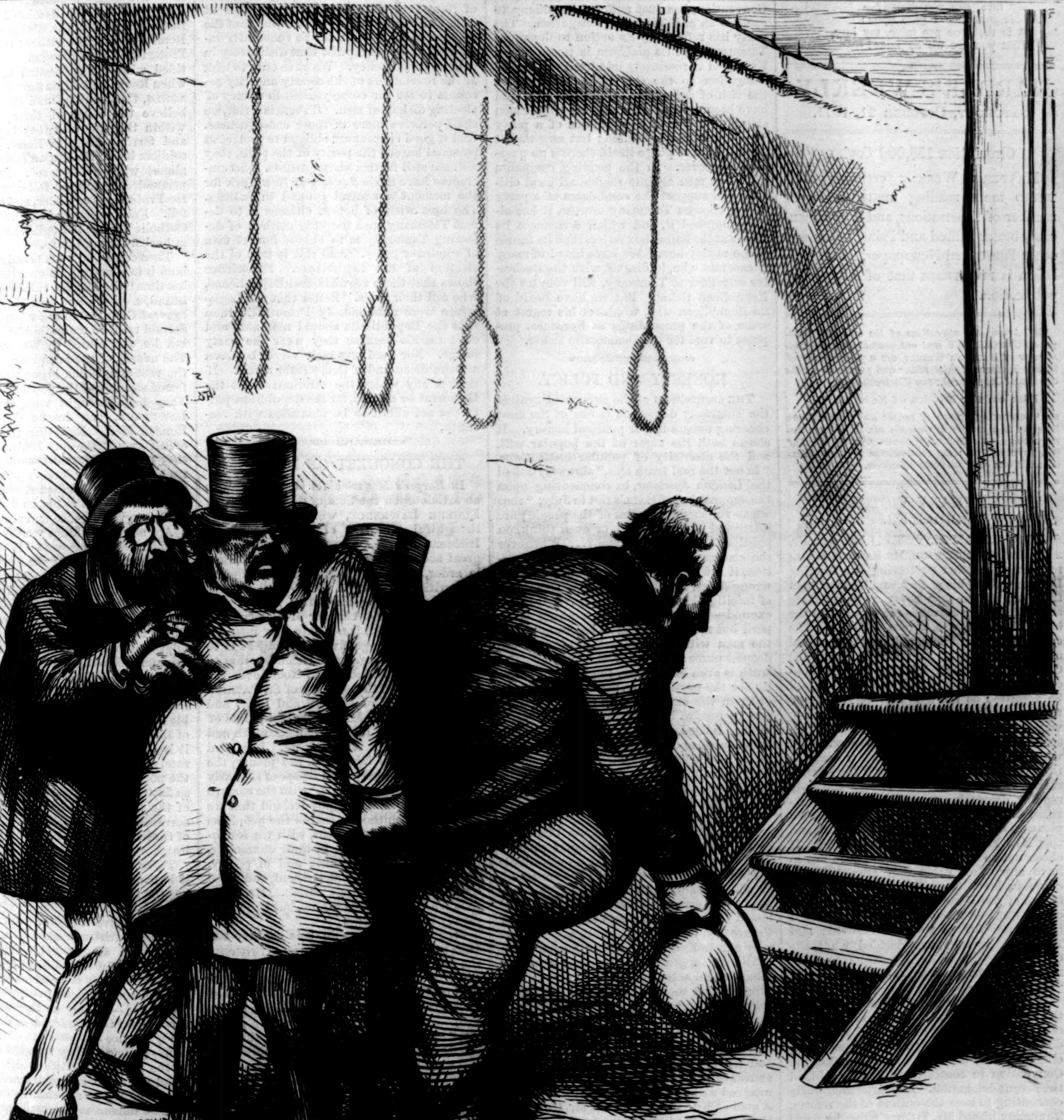


THE ONLY THING THEY RESPECT OR FEAR.

"We presume it is strictly correct to say that the one consequence of thieving which —— would now dread is a violent death. Public scorn, or even the penitentiary, has little terrors for them."

"We do not know how the affair may end, but we do know that if —— close their careers in peace, and ease, and affluence, it will be a terrible blow to political and private morality."—*The Nation.*

MY MINIATURE.

My miniature! a dainty face,
 Incased in dainty locket,
Suspended from my watch's chain,
 Across my waistcoat pocket!
As oft I steal, in each dull day,
 A look at your glad features,
If sad, the happiest I become
 Of living happy creatures.

My miniature! a pretty charm,
 Whose spell ne'er fails to brighten
The dullest day—the heaviest care
 Your bonny face to lighten.
And when I *solus* sit and think
 Of you, and of you only,
My solitude a peep at you
 Dispels—I'm no more lonely!

My miniature! what is it though
 Life's worries surely try me,
I have you close, my darling, now
 In face and features by me!
But this the thought delights me most—
 My love, can you divine?—
As oft your face I gaze upon:
 It is that you are mine, my love,
 That you are wholly mine!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 21, 1871.

Circulation 135,000 Copies.

Harper's Weekly contains one-third more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is five times that of any similar publication.

☞ *Among the attractions of the splendid Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *are a fine portrait of* Murat Halstead, *chief editor and proprietor of the* Cincinnati Commercial; *two illustrations of*

Life on the Docks of New York—

one representing groups of sailors and dock laborers listening to a sermon in the open air, the other a humorous scene in a dock eating-house—from the pencil of Sol Eytinge, Jun.; *the continuation of* "Lord Kilgobbin;" *and other interesting features.*

THE TAMMANY VICTORY AT ROCHESTER.

MR. WILLIAM M. TWEED has put Mr. Horatio Seymour, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, and the other protesting or reforming Democrats into his pocket, and has buttoned them up. There was never so humiliating and ridiculous a surrender so close upon the heels of the most sonorous defiance. The reform Democrats declared that they would expel Tammany ignominiously from the Convention. They proclaimed that the honest and intelligent men of the party should be admitted as the true representatives of the New York city Democracy, and the whole world was to see that the party was not responsible for the sins of Tammany. And what was the result? Tammany came to the Convention. Directly upon the organization it announced that it was the only regular delegation, and the only one entitled to a seat, but that it would of its own pleasure waive its unquestionable right, and that New York should be unrepresented. It chose not to take its seat. It chose not to have any other delegation admitted. It chose to leave the city of New York, the centre of the Democratic vote, unrepresented in the State Convention. It declared that it did this of its own free-will; and Tammany having thus decided what the Convention should do, Mr. Horatio Seymour and Mr. Samuel J. Tilden bleated "Amen!"

It is now asserted that the only object of the decent Democracy was to exclude Tammany from the Convention, and that they did it. But it is not true. Tammany declined to take the seat which it defied the Convention to contest, and itself excluded the decent delegation. And, after scornfully consenting to hear the orators of the reform, Tammany hissed Mr. Tilden when he made a show of censuring corruption, and he instantly succumbed, and did the work of Tammany by moving to proceed to the nomination, leaving the question of admission unsettled. The Convention then renominated the ticket, with one or two exceptions, which Tammany nominated two years ago. We repeat, therefore, that the Convention did not exclude Tammany, but Tammany excluded the decent Democracy.

If the pluck of the Convention had been equal to that of Tammany, it would have said that if Tammany chose to stay out, it was its own affair, but that it certainly should not come in, and that the honest and decent Democracy of New York should be represented by the delegates it had chosen. Why did not the Convention do this, which, as Mr. Abraham R. Lawrence said, was the honorable course to pursue? Because it feared the revenge of Tammany. That is the only reason. It feared that Tammany would defeat the party in November in order to show that its support is indispensable to victory. And in what plight does this conclusion leave the Democratic gentlemen who have cried out against the Tammany frauds? Simply, that while they denounce the stealing of money by the Ring, they wink at the stealing of votes to secure a Democratic majority. Tammany has never won a more complete victory than at Rochester; and those who acquiesced in it from fear of a defeat in the November election, have merely succeeded in identifying their party with the Tammany frauds.

When the war upon Tammany began, we were reproached for implicating the Democratic party in the dishonesty. But the Democratic party of New York, in its State Convention, has just suffered Tammany to exclude an anti-Tammany delegation. The party has refused by its action to denounce Tammany, and its platform is waste paper. Even had it resolutely admitted the decent delegation to the Convention, and taken the risk of defeat at the election, it would have been questionable whether honest men should vote for any candidates of a party which is so deeply tainted; but now that it has declined to purge itself, there is no question whatever. In the pending campaign of honest men against rogues, all good citizens will support the candidates of a party which opposes Tammany now, as it has always opposed it, and which denounces its frauds at the ballot-box no less than its frauds at the money-box. We have heard of many Democrats who, in disgust with the Rochester surrender to Tammany, will vote for the Republican ticket. But we have heard of no Republican who, whatever his regret at some of the proceedings at Syracuse, proposes to vote for the Democratic ticket.

HONESTY AND POLICY.

The earnestness of the movement against the Tammany despotism is one of the most cheering events in our political history. It shows both the vigor of the popular will, and the elasticity of popular institutions. "Is not the real truth this," shrewdly asked the London *Spectator*, in commenting upon the suppression of Hall's riot in July, "that whenever they [the mass of the people] are interested enough to act, or even think, on politics.... they are supreme?.... Whenever the community rises in a kind of insurrection, it always wins, always puts down the wrong-doers, always establishes some sort of intelligible order; but whenever it is unexcited—whenever, that is, nothing is in peril but morality—then it leaves power to the man with the longest head and the deepest purse and the fewest scruples." The truth is even better than the *Spectator* states it; for the present movement is not to keep order in the streets, but to rescue morality, and to restore honesty to the city government. Indeed, the real advantage of this great uprising of the community against the mean and odious despotism of Tammany Hall is its vindication of the certainty of moral laws, which we are constantly told by the slaves of the Ring have nothing to do with politics.

In a certain superficial sense this is, of course, true; but in an intelligent community any persistent outrage upon morality is sure to bring its revenge, and the community will probably suffer in paying the penalty. Our own civil war is one memorable lesson upon that point, and the conquest of France by Germany is another. We are very apt, indeed, to slight the lesson. It is constantly urged that money is the only tangible and actual good; that it is folly to suppose that men are not venal and false; that we must be even with the devil; and that the rascality of people differs only in kind and degree. The example of a man like Fisk is cited with a kind of despair; and the suggestion that any thing but the merest selfishness inspires political action is received with a pleasant smile of incredulity. A man called respectable, like Mr. Hoffman, the Governor of the State, is seen to lend himself to such knavery as the Erie bill; legislation is notoriously the will of a Ring which buys men like cattle; and respected and honorable merchants weakly, but with no ill intention, give their names to conceal swindling. Is it any wonder that the taunts at "moral ideas" in politics and life seem to be justified?

Nevertheless, the lesson is forever renewed. Rascality, however rich it may be, does not win in the long-run. In a rough but very effective manner, and despite the apparent success of single scoundrels and the martyrdom of single saints, honesty is the best policy. It is this moral conviction which underlies the republican system. It is the persuasion that an intelligent people will not be long or forever misled, and that by providing a flexible machinery of government you secure a normal and peaceful method of righting evident wrongs. Intelligence and pluck are the conditions of a sound working of that machinery; and as they still exist in New York, we are liable to no other than such contemptible despotisms as we now see crumbling in Tammany Hall. No despotism falls, indeed, without a struggle. Nobody doubts the willingness of the Ring to try a riot, and that willingness springs from its total incredulity of any but the most mercenary motives in the movement against it. Hall hinted a riot in his letter to General M'Clellan; an organ of the Ring deliberately incited it; and the members fell out among themselves as to the author of the proposition. But no fear of a riot will retard the movement against Tammany; and should the Ring decide to appeal to force, the contest may be bloody, but the defeat of the Ring is already sure.

The present situation in the city and State of New York, therefore, should produce at least two good results—a resolution that the popular intelligence shall be constantly increased, and a perception that dishonesty in politics is bad policy. We have only to look at the revelations of the county and city accounts to see the consequences in money of electing dishonest men. If there is a riot, we shall perceive more of those consequences. And if good citizens are obliged to protect at personal hazard the purity of the polls, they will see still further consequences. Circumstances have made the city of New York for the moment a neutral ground in politics. The first wish of honest citizens is to defeat Tammany, and the only method of defeating Tammany is to choose honest men of whatever party. And this is true of the election of the Legislature. Experience shows that there are dishonest Republicans, who sell their votes. Better that the Legislature were unanimously Democratic than that the Republicans should nominate and elect rascals because they wear the party badge. Nor need any body waver between a Republican and a Democratic rascal. If that is any where the alternative, let the Democrat be elected, for the Republican party can not afford to be identified with rascality.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

In *Harper's Magazine* for October there is an article upon the Conquest of Ireland, by Eugene Lawrence, which deserves the thoughtful attention of every intelligent Irishman. Mr. Lawrence is a scholar of great accomplishment, with the true historic ardor, and who deals with the original authorities. His style glows with the enthusiasm of strong conviction, and in this article he writes a chapter of history little known, and which is not only very interesting, but very suggestive. His object is to show that the tragedy of Ireland is due to the victory of ecclesiastical Rome over the pure and simple Christianity of St. Patrick and the schools of Armagh and Iona; and the picture which Mr. Lawrence paints of the supremacy of that faith in the ninth and tenth centuries is very alluring. It is hard to associate the innocence, the plenty, the intelligence, the perpetual repose of the early Erin, "island of the saints," with the modern starving, unquiet, unhappy Ireland that we know. Our author describes the people as a race of pastoral Spartans, with the Northern strain of sentiment in their characters, passionate lovers of music and of poetry. They were brave and independent, and ruled by kings of their own election. Mr. Lawrence's description is idyllic, but he follows closely his authorities.

St. Patrick, whom in this century the Irish ignorantly honor, was born in Brittany, the son of a priest. In his youth he was a slave in Ireland, watching sheep upon the hills of Antrim, and worshiping God. Freed from his bondage, he returned to his native France, and, after due education as a priest, went back to Ireland and preached the pure apostolic faith of the churches of Jerusalem and Ephesus. Schools and monasteries every where arose, and Irish scholars founded the colleges of Charlemagne. Upon the island of Iona, in the sixth century, Columba, the missionary, built churches and schools that taught Europe; and it was not until late in the seventh century that the influence of the Italian priesthood began to be felt in Iona. In Ireland, meanwhile, the condition of the Church was millennial; the Irish bishops had no intercourse with Rome. They consecrated each other. They rejected the worship of images and of Mary, and the infallibility of the Pope, and in their schools they insisted upon a free study of the Bible. This simple and sturdy independence kindled the wrath of Rome, and in 1156 Pope Adrian the Fourth sold Ireland to the Normans.

With this act began the woes of Ireland. The Normans extinguished freedom and intelligence, and the pure faith taught by St. Patrick was superseded by the corruption of Rome. Henry the Second of England, stimulated by the Irish traitor Dermot MacMorrough, became the hand of the papacy to smite the island. Roderic O'Connor, of Connaught, the last king of Celtic Ireland, long withstood the Norman assault. He surrounded Dublin, driving the foe to extremity; but the Normans desperately sallied forth, and returned masters of the country. Henry summoned a council of the Church of St. Patrick at Cashel. But the bishops of Ulster and Connaught refused to attend, and the ecclesiastical supremacy of Rome was established against the protests of the Patrick priesthood. Then a line of palisades and forts, known as the pale, was built, and the endless massacres began. Henry persuaded Pope Alexander the Third to excommunicate the Irish who still resisted the Roman see, and this led to the complete isolation of the race.

Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the Irish rejected the authority of Rome, which had desolated their island. But when Henry the Eighth revolted from Rome, the English without the pale became Protestants, and Protestantism was thus identified with the oppression of Ireland; and when Rome bent all its force to destroy Elizabeth, the Jesuits found the Irish eager to believe the worst of their hereditary foe within the pale, and they became the glad and terrible allies of Rome. Elizabeth's soldiers broke the league, and the island was almost wholly conquered. But the Jesuits persuaded their Irish followers to massacre the Protestants of Ulster, and forty thousand fell. From that moment the name of Irish Catholic became to English ears the synonym of barbarous malignity.

Then came Cromwell, and smothered Ireland into silence in its own blood; and from his time "the English ruled over the subject island, a severe and exacting caste." The bravest Celts fled to other lands. James the Second tried to maintain himself in Ireland, but he was routed by William of Orange. The misery of the island was complete, and the vast emigration began which has transferred so many of the population to America. They have brought with them, says Mr. Lawrence, "an insane devotion to the Romish see." Rejecting the simple faith of St. Patrick, the open Bible, the free school, they have too often become the tools of corrupt politicians or foreign priests. They do not bring to their adopted country what St. Patrick brought to his, an earnest devotion to liberty, intelligence, and peaceful progress.

Are not these things worthy the attention of thoughtful Irishmen? Is there one such who is not grieved by the general result of the Irish immigration to America? We do not forget Gallatin and Emmett, nor any of the worthy representatives, dead or living, of the country of Burke and of Goldsmith. But it is not to be denied that the Irish immigration has been one of the most perplexing and menacing elements in American development. It has been the sure reliance of the demagogue and the traitor. There have been noble and generous and admirable Irish citizens in the country, but not one of the great steps of human progress which it has taken was due to the inspiration or received the support of the Irish element of the population. Yet no other class has been so flattered, until at last the chief magistrate of the greatest of American cities tried to surrender to a mere threat of the worst part of that class the most sacred rights of Americans.

These are not pleasant things to say. But it is not by faintly echoing lies, but by telling the truth, that the unquestionable evils of the Irish immigration are to be corrected. And that correction is a work in which all honorable Irishmen should make common cause with all honorable Americans. So long as the more intelligent Irish citizens in America identify themselves with the perilous and un-American political designs of a priesthood—so long as they do not sternly frown upon the pandering of demagogues to the ignorance and passions of their countrymen—so long as they refuse their sympathy to the spirit of justice which has emancipated the slave, and which seeks an honorable equality of all citizens—so long will they be untrue to the cardinal principle of the government, and of the political society which they have chosen. The great body of Irishmen in this country are Roman Catholics. The laws of the land happily secure them the fullest religious liberty. But when intelligent Irishmen permit priests and demagogues to form political combinations for the overthrow of the fundamental guarantees of liberty of every kind, they must not be surprised if they forfeit the respect and confidence of all good citizens. And in exposing such a conspiracy with all the resources of pictorial satire, it is not the Roman Church as such, it is political ambition hiding itself under the mitre and the chasuble, which is denounced. If, as Mr. Lawrence holds, ecclesiastical Rome has conquered Ireland, she will not be suffered, even with the aid of her captive, to conquer America.

A LOOK AT THE FIELD.

Two of the most positive and effective speeches lately made were those of Senator TRUMBULL and Governor PALMER in the Illinois Republican Convention. They have been represented as upon very cool terms with their party, and quite ready for any good excuse for withdrawing. They have been classed with Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ as so strongly opposed to the President as to forget the party, and the Democratic papers have been painfully polite to all the four gentlemen. That Mr. SUMNER should be any thing but a Republican, is merely a ludicrous suggestion. That the Democratic Delilah can have no hope of Mr. SCHURZ, his speeches at Chicago and Nashville plainly show. And now Mr. TRUMBULL and Governor PALMER rise and say, that if the people believe the party which tried to ruin and dishonor the government to be the right one to administer it, they will vote for the Democratic candidates; but if they think that the party which saved the government and abolished slavery, and under which liberty of every kind and all great civil rights are now secure, is the party to trust, they will vote for the Republican ticket.

This is unmistakable, and it represents the conviction of thousands of men in the country who are not ardent party men. They see that the country goes steadily forward in its career of prosperity; that angry questions are peacefully settled; that the disturbances which follow every war are dealt with as they occur; that the colossal corruption now exposed in New York is not heartily repudiated by the Democratic party. In fine, they see that the dangerous and disorganizing elements in the country are mainly within the Democratic party; and while they do not deny corruption among the Republicans, and even, in their judgment, grave errors of administration, they yet see at the head of affairs honesty, intelligence, and patriotism. They believe in the honest, patriotic executive purpose, and do not suffer impatience, or even indignation, to blind them to the probable consequences of Democratic ascendency. They criticise, censure, exhort, condemn; but it is for the purification of their own party, not for the benefit of those whom Governor PALMER, of Illinois, describes as "those misty gentlemen called Democrats."

Even in New York, where the division has not been healed, as we had hoped it would be, and as we think it should have been, at the Convention, the *Tribune* and Mr. HUTCHINGS, who is a recognized leader among those who withdrew, are careful to insist that nothing shall be done to injure the party, but that the nominations of the Convention shall be heartily supported. The character of these nominations will doubtless be maintained in those which are yet to be made. We have elsewhere expressed our opinion of the class of Republicans who sell their votes. These are the men who bring disaster to a party by showing that it ought to be beaten. These are the men whose votes bought by Tammany have made possible much of the Tammany knavery. But the objective Republican point in the nominations and elections for the Legislature should be the repeal of the Tammany charter. And as the Democratic State Convention has not denied the claim of Tammany to be the regular city organization of the party, Tammany will nominate the regular Democratic ticket in the city. If the Republicans nominate men of character and ability beyond suspicion or question, honest Democrats, who seek first of all political purification in the city, ought in reason to sustain such candidates. They can not properly refuse, upon the general ground of the great Democratic majority in the city, unless they can show that in the particular district the reform Democrats outnumber the Republicans. The Democrats have undoubtedly a majority in the city, but it is a majority which put the Tammany Ring in power. Where the reform Democrats are plainly stronger, there should be a union against the common enemy; but these Democrats must not ask to count the enemy's strength upon their side.

THE PLEDGE OF THE REPUBLICANS.

THE Republican party, by the resolutions of all its conventions of this year, is pledged to a reform of the civil service, and there are Republicans enough who are profoundly convinced of its necessity to hold the party closely to its pledge. Party platforms, indeed, are not generally considered to be very important or very decided expressions of opinion. The excellence of a political platform, like HOLMES's "Katydid," is to say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way! It is generally intended for the rear rank, and to comprehend all reluctant folk and stragglers. The revenue planks, for instance, in all party platforms at this time are wonderful to behold. Each party is in favor of the utmost this and that which is consistent with the other—a most elastic condition. No platform trusts the future, or appeals to the heroism of its party. It is a melodious recital of what has been done, and a sonorous declamation of fine principles and purposes, but as vaguely outlined as the heroes of Ossian and the Children of the Mist. Yet, for the very reason that no platform strongly declares a disputed policy, whatever it does recommend must be assumed to be the fully matured policy of the party.

It is this which gives significance to the Republican declaration in favor of a thorough reform of the civil service. The demand comes from Wisconsin and Ohio, from Maryland and New Jersey, from Massachusetts and New York. It springs from the constant and repulsive experience of every man active in politics, and from the wise reflection of every thinker upon our society and government. At a time when party lines almost seem to be fading in a general popular rising of honesty against dishonesty, it is seen that one of the chief sources of corruption is the patronage of the civil service. And when a great party in a great State is angrily rent asunder, and its national supremacy is consequently threatened, its members see only too plainly that the bolt which rives it is this shameful system. Nor can any statesman or student consider the facts of that system without perceiving that the fraud which it engenders not only debauches elections and demoralizes legislative action, but that it fatally wounds the independence of the executive.

President GRANT is the only President who has heartily denounced this system, and urged upon Congress a reform. He has not, indeed, said, as he might truly have said, that Congress has usurped the executive function. But he knows it, and Congress knows it, and every high officer of administration knows it, and every intelligent observer knows it. Now, by the clause of the act of March 3, 1871, authorizing the President to establish rules and regulations for the greater efficiency of the service, Congress has, indeed, as the Attorney-General says in his late letter, and as Mr. DAWES said at the time in the House, granted no power which the President does not already possess; but it did suggest to him to resume the power which Congress has perverted and absorbed. The situation, then, is simply this: a Republican President urges the reform; a Republican Congress authorizes him to proceed in it; and the Republican party, in its various State conventions, calls upon him to do the work thoroughly. Yet, whatever the President may do, it is very possible that no reform can be made truly thorough without the aid of Congress. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that every Republican member to be hereafter elected shall be sound upon this point. There is none more indispensable. The National Convention will, of course, demand the reform; and then let fidelity to it be a cardinal test of Republicanism, and let every candidate be held fast to the test.

But, meanwhile, whatever is done must be done by the President, and he has the authority of the party to do it adequately. The Republicans of Maryland and New Jersey, who, although their States are not certainly Republican, yet share in the national patronage, demand that not only shall honest and competent persons be appointed to office, but that they shall be removed only for cause. Indeed, there is no reform of the service, however radical, which can be effected by rules and regulations, that Congress and the party have not authorized. No honest Republican, therefore, can complain, upon the common party ground, if the President should decide to change substantially both the methods of admission to the civil service and of removal from it. And should he make such a change as reason and experience and the situation of the country dictate, he would associate his name as honorably with a peaceful victory over corruption as it is already blended with the military suppression of rebellion.

PERSONAL.

MR. E. PESHINE SMITH, who has just been appointed legal adviser of the Japanese government, is one of those men who by sheer force of ability are put in places requiring rare powers of mind, sound judgment, and good executive talent. A more modest man than E. PESHINE SMITH could not be found in the public service. His professional career at the bar commenced at Rochester. Subsequently he removed to Buffalo, and assumed the editorship of the *Daily Commercial Advertiser*. Afterward he was appointed reporter of the Court of Appeals. Mr. SEWARD, who possessed in a high degree the faculty of finding out good men for subordinates, had long known Mr. SMITH, and promptly invited him to the State Department as an assistant in legal matters, and in that position he has remained to the present time. He is alert in mind and body, always at work, bright, ready, and affable, and the very man for the honorable place to which he has been appointed.

—There is a small vein of waggery running in ex-President FILLMORE. Recently he was invited to deliver an address before a Western agricultural society, but declined for the following reason: "I once," said he, "knew something of agriculture, but I was inveigled not long since into reading a series of essays on farming, published in New York, and now I know no more about it than FERNANDO WOOD or Governor HOFFMAN."

—So far as it regards Mr. WILLIAM INK, of New Hampshire, who is now 103 years old, Mr. WATTERSON, the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, says that if his parents had even dreamed that he was going to be so hard to rub out, they would doubtless have named him Indelible.

—Bishop SELWYN, who comes over from England on a fraternal, and, in some sort, a semi-official, visit to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, now in session in Baltimore, is the ninety-first Bishop of Lichfield. He is sixty-two years of age, and enjoys great popularity among the clergy and laity of England. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and rowed in the first boat-race against Oxford. He was consecrated Bishop of New Zealand at the age of thirty-two, and was translated to the see of Lichfield in 1867. The value of the see is about $22,500 per annum. The Episcopalians are making much of his lordship, as one "worthy and well qualified, and who has wrought faithfully in the preceding degrees."

—Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, the first Attorney-General and last Secretary of State under President BUCHANAN, comes out in the York (Pennsylvania) *Gazette* in a strong editorial denouncing the operations of the New York "Ring."

—Dr. GARDNER, medical officer of Glasgow, a city containing five hundred thousand inhabitants, says that the population is divided into about one hundred thousand households, which include the members of the family and the lodgers they may take. Nearly one-third of these households occupy a single room—a state of things not conducive to decency and morality. Glasgow is a very productive city, the birth rate being 40, while in Liverpool it is 38, and in London 33.

—M. THIERS has recently experienced a great relief in a sad loss—the death of his maiden sister at Coburg at the age of seventy-two. She never happened to agree with her brother about matters and things, and therefore their relations were any thing but pleasant, although for many years she had been living on a small pension granted by M. THIERS. He had another sister, Madame PERSIN, who used to express for the distinguished statesman terms of the most distant respect. When she died, some years since, THIERS *bonmots* ran all over Paris. To some one who thought to console him for the loss, he replied, "Sometimes a family gains by a family loss." Madame PERSIN hated obscurity; and when THIERS was at the height of his power as minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE, she set up a *table d'hôte* in the Passage Sandrier, with a floating banner outside the window, on which was inscribed, "Pension Bourgeoise, tenue par Madame PERSIN, sœur de M. THIERS." She did this merely because her brother refused her a large sum of money with which to go into business. The banner was soon gracefully furled by the courtesy of the police.

—Mr. N. L. JEFFRIES succeeds Mr. JAMES E. HARVEY as editor of the Washington *Patriot*. He is a gentleman of ability and culture, and during the administration of President JOHNSON filled the office of Register of the Treasury.

—The gentlemen of the press seem to be assuming more and more, on the platform and in the political arena, that rank to which their abilities and position entitle them. In the Twenty-sixth Senatorial District, formerly represented by Judge FOLGER, the Republicans have put in nomination S. C. CLEVELAND, Esq., editor of the *Yates County Chronicle*, Penn Yan. The district being Republican by from 1500 to 2000 majority, his election is a matter of course. In the Democratic State Convention just held at Rochester, two of the most influential members are from the profession—JOSEPH WARREN, of the Buffalo *Courier*, and WILLIAM CASSIDY, of the Albany *Argus*. Both gentlemen are, and for several years have been, members of the State Committee, and are a power in the affairs of the party. In Boston the lecture season was opened on the 3d instant by Governor HAWLEY, of Hartford, Connecticut, one of the ablest and most trenchant writers of that State. A column might be filled with the names of editorial gentlemen who are to appear in public in some way during the autumn and winter.

—Among the notable events of recent occurrence in Europe, it may be mentioned that the King of Greece (second son of the King of Denmark, and brother of the Princess of Wales) has gone to Russia, where he proposes to remain until next summer. He is only twenty-six, and is not remarkable for any thing. His wife, however (Princess OLGA, daughter of the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE), has youth (she is but twenty), beauty, tact, and talent, is much beloved by the people, and will probably manage matters better with husband absent than present. There are several kings and emperors at present out of the business, and his Majesty of Greece might be added to the number without seriously afflicting the people.

—Secretary BOUTWELL is understood to have directed that the corner-stone of the new post-office in this city shall be laid by the Masonic fraternity.

—The new Grand Vizier of Turkey, MAHMOUD PASHA, is a protégé of the late Grand Vizier, and has won distinction in the public service of his country. He is about sixty years of age, speaks no foreign language, and has never traveled in Europe. Personally he is a great favorite with the Sultan, the daughter of whose brother-in-law is his wife. He is said to have the calm and penetrating mind of ALI PASHA, and is not biased by any preference either in social or religious matters. Being well acquainted both with European institutions and with the defects of those of his own country, he desires to remedy these defects by introducing such reforms on the European model as would be compatible with Eastern custom; but he is strongly opposed to any violent change in this direction, which he thinks would cause such an agitation in the various nationalities as to lead to a civil war, and the consequent disruption of the empire. He looks upon a reform of the judicial administration as the most pressing of all, and as the proper basis of any future reforms which it might be thought necessary to introduce; and he will probably urge these views in the Ministerial Council, where he now has a vote. Being very popular both among his own countrymen and the members of the corps diplomatique, he possesses great influence at the Turkish court.

—An American—Mr. HARRIS POSLER—is said to have offered, at his own expense, to rebuild the Tuileries. The architect's estimates are about $1,550,000.

—Colonel FORNEY, in his latest chapter of pleasant "Anecdotes of Public Men," gives the following sketch of one of Philadelphia's most eminent surgeons, Dr. GEORGE M'CLELLAN, father of General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN: "Dr. M'CLELLAN was one of the most devoted of Whigs, and one of HENRY CLAY's sincerest friends. His lectures at our great Philadelphia Medical College, in which he was an eminent professor, were models of terse statement and lucid analysis. His influence in society was large and commanding. Shortly after the defeat of Mr. CLAY, in 1844, I was the guest of my friend Hon. MORTON M'MICHAEL, the present editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, who then resided in Filbert Street, near Broad, in that city. Like Dr. M'CLELLAN, he had fervently supported the Kentucky statesman. At that time I was the editor of the Democratic organ at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and bore a very near relation to JAMES BUCHANAN. Politics had never interfered with my intimacy with Mr. M'MICHAEL, which, beginning when we were both very young, has continued without pause to this hour. One day, after dinner, there was a quick, sharp ring at the door-bell, when my host said, with a laugh, 'Look out! there is Dr. M'CLELLAN;' and with that the distinguished surgeon came bustling in. The defeat of Mr. CLAY was still keenly felt by the Whigs, though my generous and genial friend M'MICHAEL did not allow his hospitality to be less because I had opposed him. But Dr. M'CLELLAN could not restrain his feelings. He held BUCHANAN responsible for the vote of Pennsylvania, and, though most courteous to me, did not spare the Wheatland leader. We soon got over our little difference, however, and closed the controversy in a glass of wine. The doctor possessed rare traits. Abounding in anecdote and information, he was an unrivaled wit and conversationalist. His son, Dr. J. H. B. M'CLELLAN, and his grandson, young Dr. GEORGE, both in fine practice in Philadelphia, have inherited his high professional skill, and in a considerable degree his lively and vivacious nature."

—Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY writes from England to our sprightly contemporary, the *Evening Mail*, that Queen VICTORIA "is liable to sudden and severe attacks of nervous excitability, which often render it impossible for her to receive visitors or to appear in public. The slightest noise, such as a tap at the door, if suddenly made, will sometimes so shatter her Majesty's nerves as to render her for a while incapable of attending to any affairs, or even carrying on any conversation. This nervous condition it is which causes sinister and alarming rumors to float about in society foreshadowing the possibility of the sovereign's total seclusion from official life. Perhaps there is no present danger of any fatal termination to the malady from which the Queen suffers, and that thus far the reassuring paragraphs are right enough, but there are other possibilities which people fear and don't talk much about." Mr. M'CARTHY says "there is not much warm popular national attachment to the Queen. The vast majority of the people have no more of the old-fashioned sentiment of loyalty in them than the people of New York city." But she is universally believed to be a good woman, and there is no wish for a termination of her reign and the succession of her son.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE September statement of the public debt shows a reduction of $13,458,620 51 during that month.

A Jewish congregation is forming in Chicago who will observe the first day of the week as their Sabbath, instead of Saturday.

The official returns show that the vote just cast in California was the largest ever polled in the State. It is very nearly 120,000. The largest vote before this was for President, in 1860, when 118,840 were polled.

The mackerel fishery has been a total failure this season.

Acting on the advice of friends, Mr. J. H. Keyser, whose plumbing bills for the new Court-house and other county buildings for two years amounted to over $2,000,000, has assigned $600,000 to Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, in trust, to await the investigation of the charges against him. He denies their truth, and asserts that his signature to many of the vouchers was forged.

The Committee on Uniformity in the Usages of Public Worship, appointed by the Triennial Episcopal Convention at New York in 1868, have reported to the Convention now in session at Baltimore in favor of instituting a canon of a decidedly Low-Church character.

Terrible fires are raging in Wisconsin, destroying lives and property. At the village of Pensaukie thirty people were burned to death.

Chicago was visited on Saturday night, October 7, by a destructive fire, which swept away several entire blocks of buildings.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE agent of the British claims has issued a notice requesting claimants, subjects of Great Britain, to send in their statements.

Victor Hugo recently wrote a letter to President Thiers, appealing earnestly for executive clemency in the case of M. Henri Rochefort. M. Thiers, in his reply, said that the Pardons Commission alone could modify the sentence of the military tribunal. The latest intelligence is, his sentence has been commuted from imprisonment for life to banishment from French territory.

Fifty thousand emigrants sailed from Liverpool during the last three months.

A manifesto from the ex-Emperor Napoleon on the subject of the French political situation is about to be issued.

Professors in the University of Rome will hereafter be required to take the oath of allegiance to Italy, or discontinue their functions. Twenty professors refuse to take the oath.

The province of Khorassan, in Persia, which has suffered from famine, has been invaded by the Afghans, and 40,000 people taken away into slavery.

A meeting of Protestants in session at Darmstadt, Germany, has adopted resolutions that it is the interest of Germany to oppose the doctrine of infallibility as inimical to the sovereign of the state, and to suppress the Jesuits.

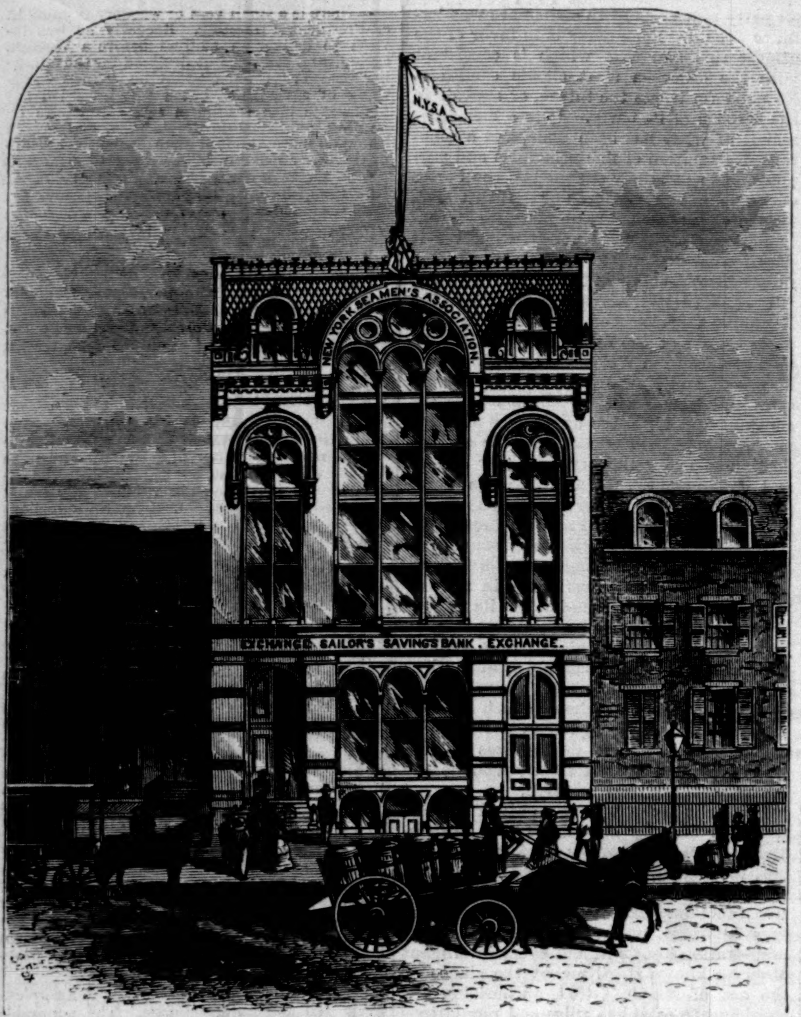
The Japanese government has abolished the order of the Daimios, reducing them to the level of the common people, and confiscating their territorial possessions.

THE NEW YORK SEAMEN'S EXCHANGE.

It is from our commercial marine, and from those hardy sailors engaged in our fisheries, that our navy is supplied with its best materials. Every movement, therefore, which tends to the moral and mental elevation of sailors is of national importance, and claims the sympathy of all good citizens.

In our American metropolis an organized and well-conducted movement has resulted in the "New York Seamen's Association," of which Captain C. C. **Duncan** is president, Mr. **Elwood Walter**, vice-president; Mr. **Moses S. Beach**, treasurer; and the Rev. S. H. **Hall**, secretary. This association has been organized under a charter granted by the State Legislature. The mission of this organization is thus explained in its published prospectus:

> The objects of this association shall be the moral, mental, and social improvement of seamen, to elevate their character and efficiency as a class, and to protect them from impositions and abuses at home and abroad.
>
> To build up such an organization of respectable seamen as will command the respect of the community, enable ship-owners to protect themselves from the imposition of worthless and disorderly characters claiming to be seamen, but disgracing the name, and secure for their vessels reliable and efficient crews; while at the same time the seaman will be enabled to select good ships and good officers, and thus secure good treatment.
>
> To accomplish these objects the following means are proposed:
>
> To provide an exchange, reading-room, library, and savings-bank which shall be open to all seamen on the payment of a small annual subscription.
>
> To issue certificates of membership, and of character and capacity.
>
> To assert and maintain perfect liberty in the selection of boarding-houses, shipping-offices, and voyages.
>
> To refuse to pay or to receive "bonus-money" for ships, or "blood-money" for men, by which custom both ship-owners and seamen are sufferers.
>
> To supply vessels with crews without the intervention of any shipping-master should it become necessary.
>
> To discourage the system of advanced wages as the source of many evils and but few benefits.
>
> To keep a record of the name, age, character, and capacity, so far as can be ascertained, of every member of this association; also of the vessels in port, their class, owners or agents, and the voyages on which they are bound.
>
> To establish means by which seamen can receive afternoon and evening lessons in the common English branches and navigation.
>
> To encourage and assist every sailor in his efforts to improve his character and to save his hard-earned money for the benefit of himself and his family, and on all suitable occasions to give him such advice and information as his circumstances may seem to require.
>
> It is proposed that a building suitable for the uses of the association, and one which shall at the same time prove attractive to those for whose benefit it is intended and an ornament to the city, shall be erected without unnecessary delay.
>
> The cost of such a building is estimated at about $100,000, and the arrangements of the institution are intended to be such as will afford the means for defraying the current expenses of the association, thereby making it self-sustaining.
>
> It is believed that such an object and such a plan need only to be known to meet with all the encouragement and assistance which it is proposed to ask at the hands of a generous public.


N.Y.S.A
NEW YORK SEAMEN'S ASSOCIATION
EXCHANGE. SAILOR'S SAVINGS BANK. EXCHANGE.

NEW YORK SEAMEN'S EXCHANGE BUILDING.

The building referred to, and of which we give an illustration on this page, is the New York Seamen's Exchange, fronting on Water and Cherry streets. The plans for this edifice include an exchange for the transaction of business in the interests of seamen, with library and reading-rooms and school-rooms; also offices for an intelligence bureau and a savings-bank, besides a hall capable of accommodating one thousand persons for religious services, temperance meetings, lectures, concerts, etc.—the whole to be for the four thousand sailors constantly in port what the Christian Association rooms are for the young men of our cities, an attractive and popular place of resort. It is contemplated that the Sunday evening services will be conducted by volunteers from the best of New York and Brooklyn clergymen. Mr. **Hook**, of Boston, is now building the organ for this hall. The savings-bank is on the Cherry Street front, and was chartered by the State Legislature last winter. The size of the building is 121 by 51 feet; there will be four stories and a basement.

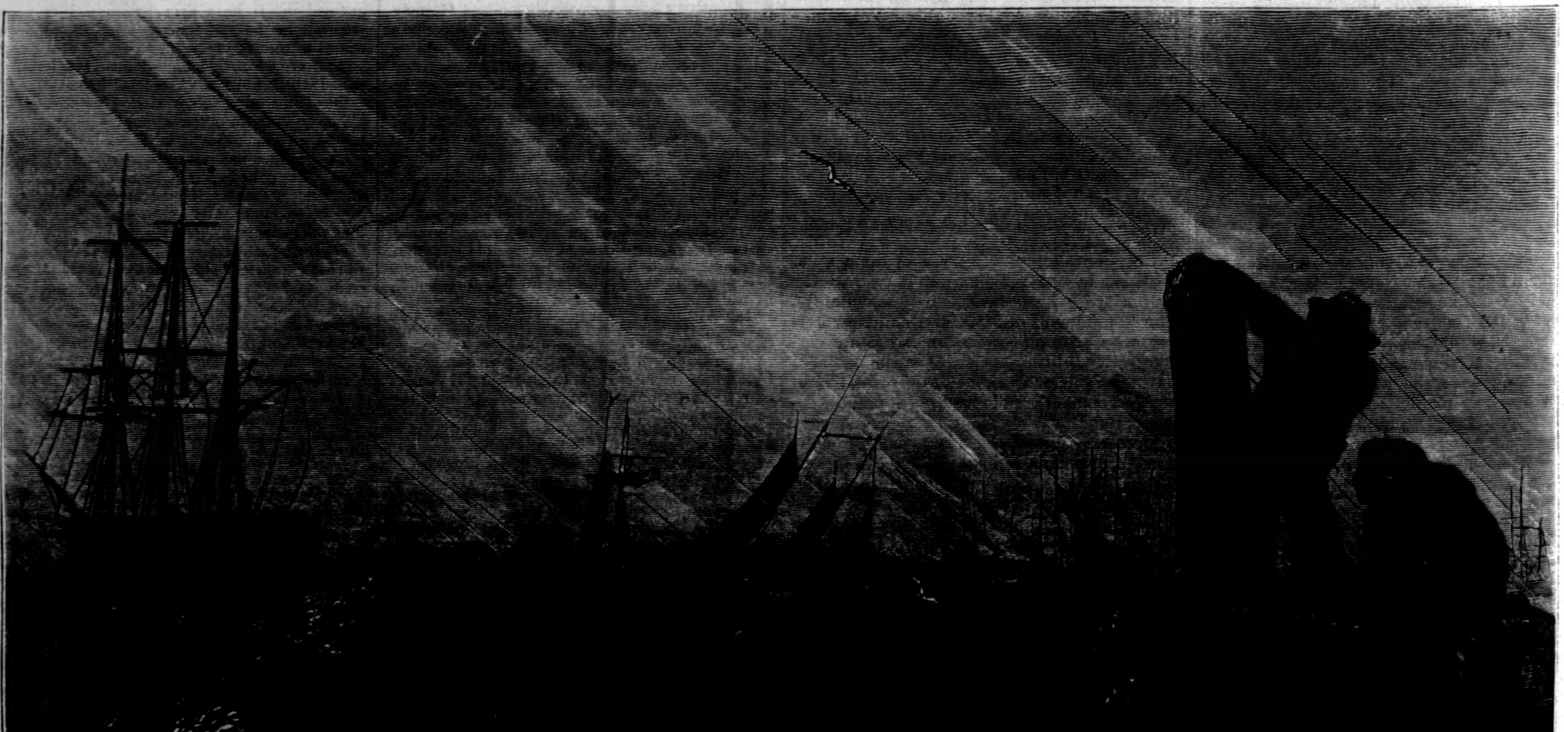
Of the $100,000 which it is estimated will be the expense of the edifice, two-thirds are already secured, and the balance, it is believed, will be found as needed.

An appropriate supplement to our illustration of the Exchange building is the effective and characteristic picture on the same page, drawn by **Sol Eytinge**, Jun. It is hardly necessary to explain to our readers that by "shanghaiing sailors" is meant the nefarious habit now and hitherto so prevalent of kidnapping sailors and taking them off while drunk to ships just about to sail. Mr. **Eytinge**'s picture shows the necessity for the existence of such an organization as the Seamen's Association.

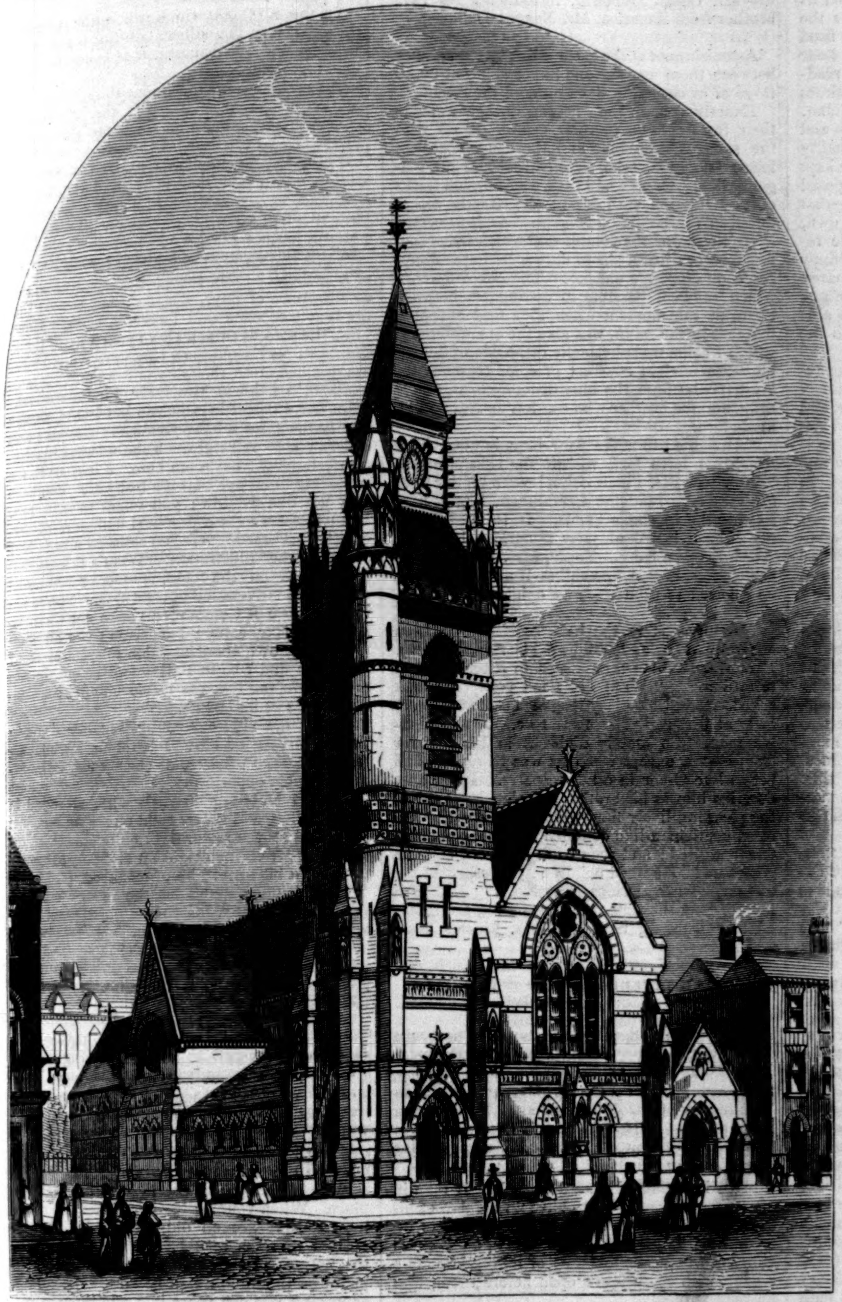
THE SMITHFIELD MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The Smithfield Martyrs' Memorial Church, in St. John Street, Clerkenwell, London, of which we give an illustration on page 981, is one of the handsomest structures of the kind in that metropolis, and in many particulars unique. The style of architecture is early Gothic, and the designs are by Mr. **Blackburne**, F.S.A. Seventeen statues of the principal martyrs have been placed on the outside, together with five bass-reliefs of scenes of martyrdom, and medallions of **Tyndal**, **Wycliffe**, and others; and round the walls of the inside of the building are richly ornamented scrolls, in which are recorded the names, accusations, dates of death, and dying words of the sixty-six persons who were burned at Smithfield. The new district to which the church is assigned has been taken from St. James's, Clerkenwell, and contains a population of about eight thousand, many of whom are of the very poorest. Hitherto Clerkenwell has contained only one church for a population of more than twenty-five thousand. The new church will afford accommodation for one thousand persons, half the seats to be free. The vicar-designate is the Rev. B. **Oswald Sharp**.

Smithfield, which is now in the heart of London, was once a favorite walk of the London citizens outside of the city walls. It may well be called the Place of Martyrs. The first martyr burned here was **William Sautre**, in the reign of **Henry IV.**, 1401–2; the last was **Bartholomew Legat**, March 11, 1612. The site of the stake was discovered, in 1849, opposite the patients' entrance to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, near Duke Street. Here, in the reign of **Mary** (1553–58), two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burned to death. Boiling to death was sometimes inflicted in this place. Here Sir **William Wallace** was executed on the evening of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1305. Here, in 1381, **Wat Tyler** was met by King **Richard II.**, and was stabbed by Sir W. **Walworth**, the Mayor. **Jack Cade** assembled his fellow-rebels here in 1450. Royal jousts were



SHANGHAIING SAILORS.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]



THE SMITHFIELD MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH, ST. JOHN STREET, CLERKENWELL, LONDON.

held in this place by EDWARD III., and these sports were continued by RICHARD II. and HENRY IV.; and here Bartholomew Fair was held down to 1853.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THE TWIN BROTHER'S LETTER.

LITTLE thinking what a storm he had raised, poor innocent Oscar—paternally escorted by the rector—followed us into the house, with his open letter in his hand.

Judging by certain signs visible in my reverend friend, I concluded that the announcement of Nugent Dubourg's coming visit to Dimchurch—regarded by the rest of us as heralding the appearance of a twin brother—was regarded by Mr. Finch as promising the arrival of a twin fortune. Oscar and Nugent shared the comfortable paternal inheritance. Finch smelled money.

"Compose yourself," I whispered to Lucilla as the two gentlemen followed us into the sitting-room. "Your jealousy of his brother is childish jealousy. There is room enough in his heart for his brother as well as for you."

She only repeated obstinately, with a vicious pinch on my arm, "I hate his brother!"

"Come and sit down by me," said Oscar, approaching her on the other side. "I want to run over Nugent's letter. It's so interesting! There is a message in it to you." Too deeply absorbed in his subject to notice the sullen submission with which she listened to him, he placed her on a chair, and began reading. "The first lines," he explained, "relate to Nugent's return to England, and to his delightful idea of coming to stay with me at Browndown. Then he goes on: 'I found all your letters waiting for me on my return to New York. Need I tell you, my dearest brother—'"

Lucilla stopped him at those words by rising abruptly from her seat.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I don't like this chair!"

Oscar got her another—an easy-chair this time—and returned to the letter.

"'Need I tell you, my dearest brother, how deeply you have interested me by the announcement of your contemplated marriage? Your happiness is my happiness. I feel with you; I congratulate you; I long to see my future sister-in-law—'"

Lucilla got up again. Oscar, in astonishment, asked what was wrong now.

"I am not comfortable at this end of the room."

She walked to the other end of the room. Patient Oscar walked after her, with his precious letter in his hand. He offered her a third chair. She petulantly declined to take it, and selected another chair for herself. Oscar returned to the letter:

"'How melancholy, and yet how interesting it is, to hear that she is blind! My sketches of American scenery happened to be lying about in the room when I read your letter. The first thought that came to me on hearing of Miss Finch's affliction was suggested by my sketches. I said to myself, "Sad! sad! my sister-in-law will never see my Works." The true artist, Oscar, is always thinking of his Works. I shall bring back, let me tell you, some very remarkable studies for future pictures. They will not be so numerous, perhaps, as you may expect. I prefer to trust to my intellectual perception of beauty rather than to mere laborious transcripts from Nature. In certain moods of mine (speaking as an artist) Nature puts me out.'" There Oscar paused, and appealed to me. "What writing!—eh? I always told you, Madame Pratolungo, that Nugent was a genius. You see it now! Don't get up, Lucilla. I am going on. There is a message to you in this part of the letter. So neatly expressed!"

Lucilla persisted in getting up; the announcement of the neatly expressed message to be read next produced no effect on her. She walked to the window, and trifled impatiently with the flowers placed in it. Oscar looked in mild astonishment, first at me, then at the rector. Reverend Finch—listening thus far with the complimentary attention due to the correspondence of one young man of fortune with another young man of fortune—interfered in Oscar's interests to secure him a patient hearing.

"My dear Lucilla, endeavor to control your restlessness. You interfere with our enjoyment of this interesting letter. I could wish to see fewer changes of place, my child, and a more undivided attention to what Oscar is reading to you."

"I am not interested in what he is reading to me." In the nervous irritation which produced this ungracious answer she overthrew one of the flower-pots. Oscar set it up again for her with undiminished good temper.

"Not interested!" he exclaimed. "Wait a little. You haven't heard Nugent's message yet. Listen to this! 'Present my best and kindest regards to the future Mrs. Oscar' (dear fellow!), 'and say that she has given me a new interest in hastening my return to England.' There! Isn't that prettily put? Come, Lucilla! own that Nugent is worth listening to when he writes about *you!*"

She turned toward him for the first time. The charm of the tone in which he spoke those words subdued her in spite of herself.

"I am much obliged to your brother," she answered, gently, "and very much ashamed of myself for what I said just now." She stole her hand into his, and whispered, "You are so fond of Nugent, I begin to be almost afraid there will be no love left for me."

Oscar was enchanted. "Wait till you see him, and you will be as fond of him as I am," he said. "Nugent is not like me. He fascinates people the moment they come in contact with him. Nobody can resist Nugent."

She still held his hand, with a perplexed and saddened face. The admirable absence of any jealousy on his side—his large and generous confidence in *her* love for *him*—was just the rebuke to her that she could feel; just the rebuke also (in my opinion) that she had deserved.

"Go on, Oscar," said the rector, in his deepest notes of encouragement. "What next, dear boy? what next?"

"Another interesting bit, of quite a new kind," Oscar replied. "There is a little mystery to stir us up on the last page of the letter. Nugent says: 'I have become acquainted (here, in New York) with a very remarkable man, a German who has made a great deal of money in the United States. He proposes visiting England early in the present year; and he will write and let me know when he has arrived. I shall feel particular pleasure in presenting him to you and your future wife. It is quite possible that you may have special reason to congratulate yourselves on making his acquaintance. For the present no more of my new friend until we meet at Browndown.'—'Special reason to congratulate ourselves on making his acquaintance!'" repeated Oscar, folding up the letter. "Nugent never writes in that way without a reason for it. Who can the German gentleman be?"

Mr. Finch suddenly lifted his head, and looked at Oscar with a certain appearance of alarm.

"Your brother mentions that he has made his fortune in America," said the reverend gentleman. "I hope he is not connected with the money market! He might infect Mr. Nugent with the spirit of reckless speculation which is, so to speak, the national sin of the United States. Your brother, having no doubt the same generous disposition as yours—"

"A far finer disposition than mine, Mr. Finch," interposed Oscar.

"Possessed, like you, of the gifts of fortune," proceeded the rector, with mounting enthusiasm.

"Once possessed of them," said Oscar. "Far from being overburdened with the gifts of fortune now!"

"What!!!" cried Mr Finch, with a start of consternation.

"Nugent has run through his fortune," proceeded Oscar, quite composedly. "I lent him the money to go to America. My brother is a genius, Mr. Finch. When did you ever hear of a genius who could keep within limits? Nugent is not content to live in my humble way. He has the tastes of a prince—money is nothing to him. It doesn't matter. He will make a new fortune out of his pictures; and, in the mean time, you know, I can always lend him something to go on with."

Mr. Finch rose from his seat with the air of a man whose just anticipations have not been realized—whose innocent confidence has been scandalously betrayed. Here was a prospect! Another person in perpetual want of money going to settle under the shadow of the rectory! Another man likely to borrow of Oscar—and that man his brother!

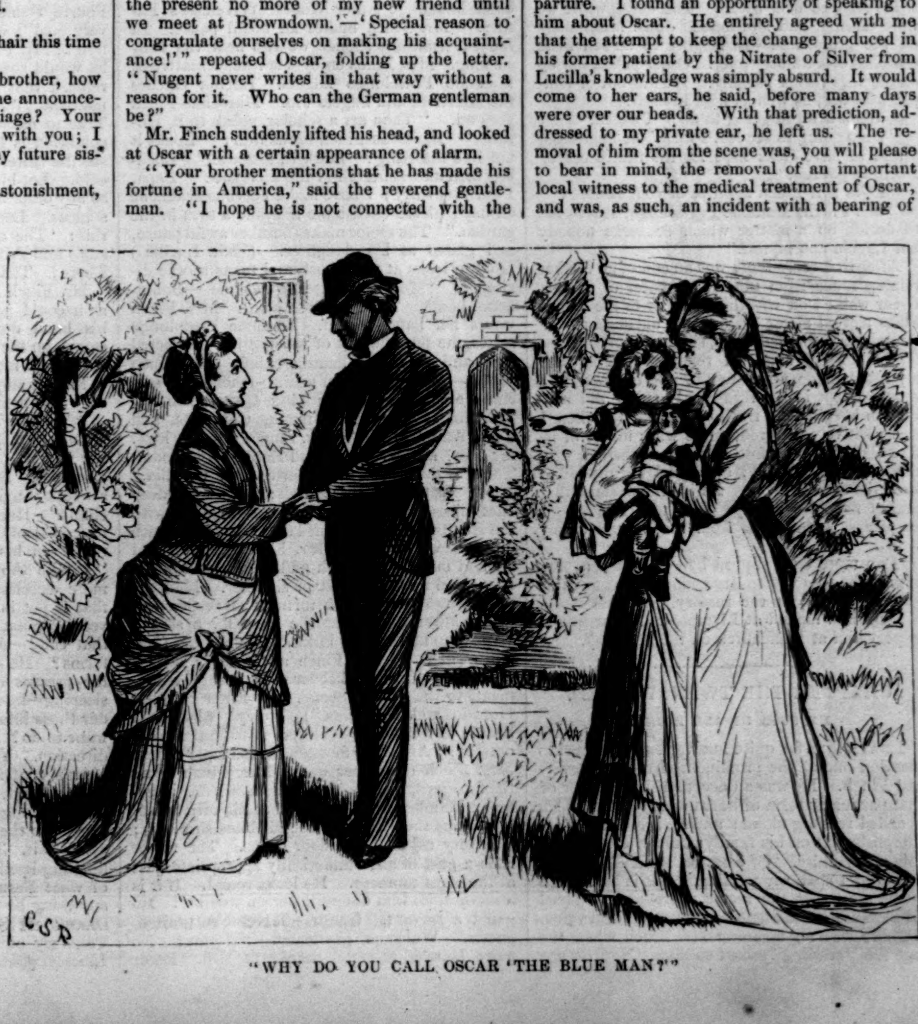
"I fail to take your light view of your brother's extravagance," said the rector, addressing Oscar with his loftiest severity of manner, at the door. "I deplore and reprehend Mr. Nugent's misuse of the bounty bestowed on him by an all-wise Providence. You will do well to consider before you encourage your brother's extravagance by lending him money. What does the great poet of humanity say of lenders? The Bard of Avon tells us that 'loan oft loses both itself and friend.' Lay that noble line to heart, Oscar! Lucilla, be on your guard against that restlessness which I have already had occasion to reprove. I find I must leave you, Madame Pratolungo. I had forgotten my parish duties. My parish duties are waiting for me. Good-day! good-day!"

He looked round on us all three, in turn, with a very sour face, and walked out. "Surely," I thought to myself, "this brother of Oscar's is not beginning well! First the daughter takes offense at him, and now the father follows her example. Even on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. Nugent Dubourg exercises a malignant influence, and disturbs the family tranquillity before he has shown his nose in the house!"

Nothing more that is worth recording happened on that day. We had a very dull evening. Lucilla was out of spirits. As for me, I had not yet had time to accustom myself to the shocking spectacle of Oscar's discolored face. I was serious and silent. You would never have guessed me to be a Frenchwoman, if you had seen me for the first time on the occasion of my return to the rectory.

The next day a small domestic event happened which must be chronicled in this place.

Our Dimchurch doctor, always dissatisfied with his position in an obscure country place, had obtained an appointment in India which offered great professional advantages to an ambitious man. He called to take leave of us on his departure. I found an opportunity of speaking to him about Oscar. He entirely agreed with me that the attempt to keep the change produced in his former patient by the Nitrate of Silver from Lucilla's knowledge was simply absurd. It would come to her ears, he said, before many days were over our heads. With that prediction, addressed to my private ear, he left us. The removal of him from the scene was, you will please to bear in mind, the removal of an important local witness to the medical treatment of Oscar, and was, as such, an incident with a bearing of



"WHY DO YOU CALL OSCAR 'THE BLUE MAN?'"

its own on the future, which claims a place for it in the present narrative.

Two more days passed, and nothing happened. On the morning of the third day the doctor's prophecy was all but fulfilled through the medium of the wandering Arab of the family, our funny little Jicks.

While Lucilla and I were strolling about the garden with Oscar, the child suddenly darted out on us from behind a tree, and, seizing Oscar round the legs, hailed him affectionately at the top of her voice as "The Blue Man!" Lucilla instantly stopped, and said, "Who do you call 'The Blue Man?'" Jicks answered, boldly, "Oscar." Lucilla caught the child up in her arms. "Why do you call Oscar 'The Blue Man?'" she asked. Jicks pointed to Oscar's face, and then, remembering Lucilla's blindness, appealed to me. "You tell her," said Jicks, in high glee. Oscar seized my hand, and looked at me imploringly. I determined not to interfere. It was bad enough to remain passive, and to let her be kept in the dark. Actively, I was resolved to take no part in deceiving her. Her color rose; she put Jicks down on the ground. "Are you both dumb?" she asked. "Oscar, I insist on knowing it—how have you got the nickname of 'The Blue Man?'" Left helpless, Oscar (to my disgust) took refuge in a lie—and, worse still, a clumsy lie. He declared that he had got his nickname in the nursery, at the time of Lucilla's absence in London, by one day painting his face in the character of Blue-beard to amuse the children! If Lucilla had felt the faintest suspicion of the truth, blind as she was, she must now have discovered it. As things were, Oscar annoyed and irritated her. I could see that it cost her a struggle to suppress something like a feeling of contempt for him. "Amuse the children, the next time, in some other way," she said. "Though I can't see you, still I don't like to hear of your disfiguring your face by painting it blue." With that answer she walked away a little by herself, evidently disappointed in her betrothed husband for the first time in her experience of him.

He cast another imploring look at me. "Did you hear what she said about my face?" he whispered.

"You have lost an excellent opportunity of speaking out," I answered. "I believe you will bitterly regret the folly and the cruelty of deceiving her."

He shook his head, with the immovable obstinacy of a weak man.

"Nugent doesn't think as you do," he said, handing me the letter. "Read that bit there—now Lucilla is out of hearing."

The paragraph to which he pointed only contained these lines: "Your last letter relieves my anxiety about your health. I entirely agree with you that any personal sacrifice which cures you of those horrible attacks is a sacrifice wisely made. As to your keeping the change a secret from the young lady, I can only say that I suppose you know best how to act in this emergency. I will abstain from forming any opinion of my own until we meet."

I handed Oscar back the letter.

"There is no very warm approval there of the course you are taking," I said. "The only difference between your brother and me is that he suspends his opinion, and that I express mine."

"I have no fear of my brother," Oscar answered. "Nugent will feel for me and understand me when he comes to Browndown. In the mean time this shall not happen again."

He stooped over Jicks. The child, while we were talking, had laid herself down luxuriously on the grass, and was singing to herself little snatches of a nursery song. Oscar pulled her up on her legs rather roughly. He was out of temper with her, as well as with himself.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I am going to see Mr. Finch," he answered, "and to have Jicks kept for the future out of Lucilla's garden."

"Does Mr. Finch approve of your silence?"

"Mr. Finch, Madame Pratolungo, leaves me to decide on a matter which concerns nobody but Lucilla and myself."

After that reply there was an end of all further remonstrance from me, as a matter of course. Oscar walked off with his prisoner to the house. Jicks trotted along by his side, unconscious of the mischief she had done, singing another verse of the nursery song. I rejoined Lucilla, with my mind made up as to the line of conduct I should adopt in the future. If Oscar did succeed in keeping the truth concealed from her, I was positively resolved, come what might of it, to enlighten her, before they were married, with my own lips. What! after pledging myself to keep the secret? Yes. Perish the promise that makes me false to a person whom I love! I despise such promises from the bottom of my heart.

Two more days slipped by—and then a telegram found its way to Browndown. Oscar came running to us, at the rectory, with his news. Nugent had landed at Liverpool. Oscar was to expect him at Dimchurch on the next day.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

HE SETS US ALL RIGHT.

I have thus far quite inadvertently omitted to mention one of the prominent virtues of Reverend Finch. He was an accomplished master of that particular form of human persecution which is called reading aloud; and he inflicted his accomplishment on his family circle at every available opportunity. Of what we suffered on these occasions I shall say nothing. Let it be enough to mention that the rector thoroughly enjoyed the pleasure of hearing his own magnificent voice.

There was no escaping Mr. Finch when the rage for "reading" seized on him. Now on one pretense, and now on another, he descended on us unfortunate women, book in hand, seated us at one end of the room, placed himself at the other, opened his dreadful mouth, and fired words at us, like shots at a target, by the hour together. Sometimes he gave us poetical readings from Shakspeare or Milton; and sometimes Parliamentary speeches by Burke or Sheridan. Read what he might, he made such a noise and such a fuss over it—he put his own individuality so prominently in the foremost place, and he kept the poets or the orators whom he was supposed to be interpreting so far in the background—that they lost every trace of character of their own, and became one and all perfectly intolerable reflections of Mr. Finch. I date my first unhappy doubts of the supreme excellence of Shakspeare's poetry from the rector's readings; and I attribute to the same exasperating cause my implacable hostility (on every question of the time) to the policy of Mr. Burke.

On the evening when Nugent Dubourg was expected at Browndown—and when we particularly wanted to be left alone to dress ourselves, and to gossip by anticipation about the expected visitor—Mr. Finch was seized with one of his periodical rages for firing off words at his family after tea. He selected "Hamlet" as the medium for exhibiting his voice on this occasion; and he declared, as the principle motive for taking his elocutionary exercise, that the object he especially had in view was the benefit of poor Me.

"My good creature, I accidentally heard you reading to Lucilla the other day. It was very nice, as far as it went—very nice indeed. But you will allow me—as a person, Madame Pratolungo, possessing considerable practice in the art of reading aloud—to observe that you might be benefited by a hint or two. I will give you a few ideas. (Mrs. Finch! I propose giving Madame Pratolungo a few ideas.) Pay particular attention, if you please, to the Pauses, and to the management of the Voice at the end of the lines. Lucilla, my child, you are interested in this. The perfecting of Madame Pratolungo is a matter of considerable importance to *you*. Don't go away."

Lucilla and I happened, on that evening, to be guests at the rectory table. It was one of the regular occasions on which we left our own side of the house, and joined the family at (what Mr. Finch called) "the pastor's evening meal." He had got his wife; he had got his eldest daughter; he had got your humble servant. A horrid smile of enjoyment overspread the reverend gentleman's face as he surveyed us from the opposite end of the room, and opened his vocal fire on his audience of three.

"'Hamlet:' Act the First; Scene the First. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. Francisco on his post" (Mr. Finch). "Enter to him Bernardo" (Mr. Finch). "Who's there?" "Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself." (Mrs. Finch unfolds herself—she suckles the baby, and tries to look as if she was having an intellectual treat.) Francisco and Bernardo converse in bass—Boom-boom-boom. "Enter Horatio and Marcellus" (Mr. Finch and Mr. Finch). "Stand, ho! Who is there?" "Friends to this ground." "And liegemen to the Dane." (Madame Pratolungo begins to feel the elocutionary exposition of Shakspeare, where she always feels it, in her legs. She tries to sit still on her chair. Useless! She is suffering under the malady known to her by bitter experience of Mr. Finch, as the Hamlet-Fidgets.) Bernardo and Francisco, Horatio and Marcellus, converse—Boom-boom-boom. "Enter Ghost of Hamlet's Father." Mr. Finch makes an awful pause. In the supernatural silence we can hear the baby sucking. Mrs. Finch enjoys her intellectual treat. Madame Pratolungo fidgets. Lucilla catches the infection, and fidgets too. Marcellus-Finch goes on. "Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio." Bernardo-Finch backs him: "Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio." Lucilla-Finch inserts herself in the dialogue: "Papa, I am very sorry; I have had a nervous headache all day; please excuse me if I take a turn in the garden." The rector makes another awful pause, and glares at his daughter. (Exit Lucilla.) Horatio looks at the Ghost, and takes up the dialogue: "Most like; it harrows me"—Boom-boom-boom. The baby is satiated. Mrs. Finch wants her handkerchief. Madame Pratolungo seizes the opportunity of moving her distracted legs, and finds the handkerchief. Mr. Finch pauses—glares—goes on again—reaches the second scene. "Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, and Lords Attendant." All Mr. Finch! Oh, my legs! my legs! all Mr. Finch, and Boom-boom-boom. Third scene. "Enter Laertes and Ophelia." (Both Rectors of Dimchurch; both with deep bass voices; both about five feet high, pitted with the small-pox, and adorned round the neck with dingy white cravats.) Mr. Finch goes on and on and on. Mrs. Finch and the baby simultaneously close their eyes in slumber. Madame Pratolungo suffers such tortures of restlessness in her lower limbs that she longs for a skilled surgeon to take out his knife and deliver her from her own legs. Mr. Finch advances in deeper and deeper bass, in keener and keener enjoyment, to the Fourth Scene. ("Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.") Mercy! what do I hear? Is relief approaching to us from the world outside? Are there footsteps in the hall? Yes! Mrs. Finch opens her eyes; Mrs. Finch hears the footsteps, and rejoices in them as I do. Reverend Hamlet hears nothing but his own voice. He begins the scene: "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold." The door opens. The rector feels a gust of air, dramatically appropriate, just at the right moment. He looks round. If it is a servant, let that domestic person tremble! No—not a servant. Guests—heavens be praised, guests. Welcome, gentlemen—welcome! No more Hamlet to-night, thanks to You. Enter two Characters who must be instantly attended to—Mr. Oscar Dubourg, introducing his twin brother from America, Mr. Nugent Dubourg.

Astonishment at the extraordinary resemblance between them was the one impression felt by all three of us as the brothers entered the room.

Exactly alike in their height, in their walk, in their features, and in their voices. Both with the same colored hair and the same beardless faces. Oscar's smile exactly reflected on Nugent's lips. Oscar's odd little semi-foreign tricks of gesticulation with his hands, exactly reproduced in the hands of Nugent. And, to crown it all, there was the complexion which Oscar had lost forever (just a shade darker perhaps) found again on Nugent's cheeks! The one difference which made it possible to distinguish between them, at the moment when they first appeared together in the room, was also the one difference which Lucilla was physically incapable of detecting—the terrible contrast of color between the brother who bore the blue disfigurement of the drug, and the brother who was left as Nature had made him.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Finch. I have long wished for this pleasure. Thank you, Mr. Finch, for all your kindness to my brother. Madame Pratolungo, I presume? Permit me to shake hands. It is needless to say I have heard of your illustrious husband. Aha! here's a baby. Yours, Mrs. Finch? Girl or boy, ma'am? A fine child—if a bachelor may be allowed to pronounce an opinion. *Tweet—tweet—tweet!*"

He chirruped to the baby as if he had been a family man, and snapped his fingers gayly. Poor Oscar's blue face turned in silent triumph toward me. "What did I tell you?" his look asked. "Did I not say Nugent fascinated every body at first sight?" Most true. An irresistible man. So utterly different in his manner from Oscar, except when he was in repose, and yet so like Oscar in other respects. I can only describe him as his brother completed. He had the pleasant, lively flow of spirits, the easy, winning, gentleman-like confidence in himself which Oscar wanted; and then what excellent taste he possessed! He liked children; he respected the memory of my glorious Pratolungo! In half a minute from the time when he entered the room, Nugent Dubourg had won Mrs. Finch's heart and mine.

He turned from the baby to Mr. Finch, and pointed to the open Skakspeare on the table.

"You were reading to the ladies?" he said. "I am afraid we have interrupted you."

"Don't mention it," said the rector, with his loftiest politeness. "Another time will do. It is a habit of mine, Mr. Nugent, to read aloud in my family circle. As a clergyman and a lover of poetry (in both capacities) I have long cultivated the art of elocution—"

"My dear Sir, excuse me: you have cultivated it all wrong!"

Mr. Finch paused, thunderstruck. A man in his presence presuming to have an opinion of his own! a man in the rectory parlor capable of interrupting the rector in the middle of a sentence! guilty of the insane audacity of telling him, as a reader, with Shakspeare open before them, that he read wrong!

"Oh, we heard you as we came in!" proceeded Nugent, with the most undiminished confidence, expressed in the most gentleman-like manner. "You read it like this." He took up "Hamlet," and read the opening line of the Fourth Scene ("The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold") with an irresistibly accurate imitation of Mr. Finch. "That's not the way Hamlet would speak. No man in his position would remark that it was very cold in that bow-wow manner. What is Shakspeare before all things? True to nature—always true to nature. What condition is Hamlet in when he is expecting to see the Ghost? He is nervous, and he feels the cold. Let him show it naturally; let him speak as any other man would speak under the circumstances. Look here! Quick and quiet—like this: 'The air bites shrewdly'—there Hamlet stops and shivers—pur-rer-rer! 'it is very cold.' There! That's the way to read Shakspeare."

Mr. Finch lifted his head into the air as high as it could possibly go, and brought the flat of his hand down with a solemn and sounding smack on the open book.

"Allow me to say, Sir—" he began.

Nugent stopped him again, more good-humoredly than ever.

"You don't agree with me? All right. Quite useless to dispute about it. I don't know what *you* may be. *I* am the most opinionated man in existence. Sheer waste of time, my dear Sir, to attempt convincing Me. Now just look at that child!" Here Mr. Nugent Dubourg's attention was suddenly attracted by the baby. He twisted round on his heel, and addressed Mrs. Finch. "I take the liberty of saying, ma'am, that a more senseless dress doesn't exist than the dress that is put in this country on infants of tender years. What are the three main functions which that child—that charming child of yours—performs? He sucks, he sleeps, and he grows. At the present moment he isn't sucking, he isn't sleeping—he is growing with all his might. Under those interesting circumstances what does he want to do? To move his limbs freely in every direction. You let him swing his arms to his heart's content, and you deny him freedom to kick his legs. You clothe him in a dress three times as long as himself. He tries to throw his legs up in the air as he throws his arms, and he can't do it. There is his senseless long dress entangling itself in his toes, and making an effort of what Nature intended to be a luxury. Can any thing be more absurd? What are mothers about? Why don't they think for themselves? Take my advice—short petticoats, Mrs. Finch. Liberty, glorious liberty, for my young friend's legs! Room, heaps of room, for that infant martyr's toes!"

Mrs. Finch listened helplessly; lifted the baby's long petticoats, and looked at them; stared piteously at Nugent Dubourg; opened her lips to speak; and, thinking better of it, turned her watery eyes on her husband, appealing to *him* to take the matter up. Mr. Finch made another attempt to assert his dignity—a ponderously satirical attempt this time.

"In offering your advice to my wife, Mr. Nugent," said the rector, "you must permit me to remark that it would have had more practical force if it had been the advice of a married man. I beg to remind you—"

"You beg to remind me that it is the advice of a bachelor? Oh, come! that really won't do at this time of day. Dr. Johnson settled that argument at once and forever a century since. 'Sir,' he said to somebody of your way of thinking, 'you may scold your carpenter when he has made a bad table, though you can't make a table yourself.' I say to you, 'Mr. Finch, you may point out a defect in a baby's petticoats, though you haven't got a baby yourself!' Doesn't that satisfy you? All right. Take another illustration. Look at your room here. I can see in the twinkling of an eye that it's badly lit. You have only got one window; you ought to have two. Is it necessary to be a practical builder to discover that? Absurd! Are you satisfied now? No! Take another illustration. What's this printed paper here on the chimney-piece? Assessed taxes. Ha! Assessed taxes will do. You're not in the House of Commons; you're not Chancellor of the Exchequer; but haven't you an opinion of your own about taxation in spite of that? Must you and I be in Parliament before we can presume to see that the feeble old British Constitution is at its last gasp?"

"And the vigorous young Republic drawing its first breath of life!" I burst in, introducing the Pratolungo programme (as my way is) at every available opportunity.

Nugent Dubourg instantly wheeled round in my direction, and set *me* right on *my* subject, just as he had set the rector right on reading "Hamlet," and Mrs. Finch right on clothing babies.

"Not a bit of it!" he pronounced, positively. "The 'young Republic' is the rickety child of the political family. Give him up, ma'am. You will never make a man of him."

I tried to assert myself as the rector had tried before me—with precisely the same result. I appealed indignantly to the authority of my illustrious husband.

"Doctor Pratolungo—" I began.

"Was an honest man," interposed Nugent Dubourg. "I am an advanced Liberal myself; I respect him. But he was quite wrong. All sincere republicans make the same mistake. They believe in the existence of public spirit in Europe. Amiable delusion! Public spirit is dead in Europe. Public spirit is the generous emotion of young nations, of new peoples. In selfish old Europe private interest has taken its place. When your husband preached the republic, on what ground did he put it? On the ground that the republic was going to elevate the nation. Pooh! Ask me to accept the republic on the ground that I elevate Myself—and, supposing you can prove it, I will listen to you. If you are ever to set republican institutions going in the Old World—*there* is the only motive power that will do it!"

I was indignant at such sentiments. "My glorious husband—" I began, again.

"Would have died rather than appeal to the meanest instincts of his fellow-creatures. Just so! There was his mistake. That's why he never could make any thing of the republic. That's why the republic is the rickety child of the political family. *Quod erat demonstrandum*," said Nugent Dubourg, finishing me off with a pleasant smile, and an easy indicative gesture of the hand which said, "Now I have settled these three people in succession, I am equally well satisfied with myself—and with them!"

His smile was irresistible. Bent as I was on disputing the degrading conclusions at which he had arrived, I really had not fire enough in me at the moment to feed my own indignation. As to Reverend Finch, he sat silently swelling in a corner; digesting as he best might the discovery that there was another man in the world, besides the Rector of Dimchurch, with an excellent opinion of himself, and with perfectly unassailable confidence and fluency in expressing it. In the momentary silence that now followed, Oscar got his first opportunity of speaking. He had, thus far, been quite content to admire his clever brother. He now advanced to me, and asked what had become of Lucilla.

"The servant told me she was here," he said. "I am so anxious to introduce her to Nugent."

Nugent put his arm affectionately round his brother's neck, and gave him a hug. "Dear old boy! I am just as anxious as you are."

"Lucilla went out a little while since," I said, "to take a turn in the garden."

"I'll go and find her," said Oscar. "Wait here, Nugent. I'll bring her in."

He left the room. Before he could close the door one of the servants appeared, to claim Mrs. Finch's private ear on some mysterious domestic emergency. Nugent facetiously entreated her, as she passed him, to clear her mind of prejudice, and consider the question of infant petticoats on its own merits. Mr. Finch took offense at this second reference to the subject. He rose to follow his wife.

"When you are a married man, Mr. Dubourg," said the rector, severely, "you will learn to leave the management of an infant in its mother's hands."

"There's another mistake!" remarked Nugent, following him, with unabated good-humor, to the door. "A married man's idea of another man as a husband, always begins and ends with his idea of himself." He turned to me as the door closed on Mr. Finch. "Now we are alone, Madame Pratolungo," he said, "I want to speak to you about Miss Finch. There is an opportunity before she comes in. Oscar's letter only told me that she was blind. I am naturally interested in every thing that relates to my brother's future wife. I am particularly interested about this affliction of hers. May I ask how long she has been blind?"

"Since she was a year old," I replied.

"Through an accident?"

"No."

"After a fever? or a disease of any other sort?"

I began to feel a little surprised at his entering into these medical details.

"I never heard that it was through a fever or other illness," I said. "So far as I know, the blindness came on unexpectedly, from some cause that did not express itself to the people about her at the time."

He drew his chair confidentially nearer to mine. "How old is she?" he asked.

I began to feel more than a little surprised, and I showed it, I suppose, on telling him Lucilla's age.

"As things are now," he explained, "there are reasons which make me hesitate to enter on the question of Miss Finch's blindness either with my brother or with any members of the family. I must wait to speak about it to *them* until I can speak to good practical purpose. There is no harm in my starting the subject with *you*. When she first lost her sight, no means of restoring it were left untried, of course?"

"I should suppose not," I replied. "It's so long since, I have never asked."

"So long since," he repeated; and then considered for a moment.

His reflections ended in a last question:

"She is resigned, I suppose—and every body about her is resigned—to the idea of her being hopelessly blind for life?"

Instead of answering him, I put a question on my side. My heart was beginning to beat rapidly, without my knowing why.

"Mr. Nugent Dubourg," I said, "what have you got in your mind about Lucilla?"

"Madame Pratolungo," he replied, "I have got something in my mind which was put into it by a friend of mine whom I met in America."

"The friend you mentioned in your letter to your brother?"

"The same."

"The German gentleman whom you propose to introduce to Oscar and Lucilla?"

"Yes."

"May I ask who he is?"

Nugent Dubourg looked at me attentively, considered with himself for the second time, and answered in these words:

"He is the greatest living authority and the greatest living operator in diseases of the eye."

The idea in his mind burst its way into my mind in a moment.

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, "are you mad enough to suppose that Lucilla's sight can be restored, after a blindness of one-and-twenty years?"

He suddenly held up his hand, in sign to me to be silent.

At the same moment the door opened, and Lucilla (followed by Oscar) entered the room.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fortunate is that family whose milkman is honest, and supplies an unadulterated article. The temptation to water milk begins with the farmers who own the cows. A quart or two added to each can of milk does not so greatly alter the general appearance of the whole. Then, on its way to the city, whatever cream rises is frequently skimmed off and sold separately. Dealers do not usually pretend to supply their customers with cream, but the milk is so blue and watery that it seems unfit for coffee; so cream is ordered at four or five times the price of milk. Sometimes this is skimmed from milk sold afterward as good, pure milk; sometimes it is manufactured from condensed milk; and sometimes, we are glad to say—though the cases are rare, we fear—the cream is genuine, and obtained in a legitimate manner. True, it is not such an article as used to appear on the tables of well-to-do farmers in olden times: *they* would have called it only rich milk. But it is an improvement on the milk "of the period." If drivers find their supply running short, it is easy, they think, to add a little water to make it "hold out." Thus families are robbed, and children more than robbed—they are often starved. The remedy of this evil is, to a great extent, in the hands of the consumers. If your milkman will not bring you a good article, try another dealer; try a third, and a fourth, until you obtain what you want. Of course this is some trouble; but if people generally would take this trouble for a while, there would be an abundance of good, pure milk in the market. The quality of articles usually found in a market indicates what quality is ordinarily demanded; or, at least, that with which the customers are satisfied.

Florence, Naples, and Milan are favorable places for American students of music. Many who have acquired a public reputation have been wholly or partially instructed in the Italian school. There are now in Florence two young ladies from Boston, one from Portland, and one from Cincinnati, under special training. Two of these ladies will appear in opera during the coming winter in Italian theatres.

The New York Evening High School opened last week with eleven hundred pupils. There were over fifteen hundred applications, but all could not be admitted, for lack of room. A large proportion of the pupils are young men engaged in business during the day, but who know the value of knowledge well enough to study enthusiastically.

A scientific gentleman who was recently making geological researches at Hell Gate made also a curious entomological discovery. On breaking a piece of rock by a blow of his hammer, out from the very heart of the solid mass came a sprightly spider. He did not seem in any wise shocked at his sudden release from his dark prison, but apparently delighted, and began to run away as fast as ever he could. The geologist, however, had no notion of losing such a prize, and impaled him on a pin. The spider had better have remained in his rocky dungeon.

A fortunate farmer of Paynesville, Missouri, gathered from one apple-tree this year fifty-five thousand apples, which made forty-five bushels. One apple from this prolific tree weighed twenty-one and a half ounces.

One hundred thousand francs have been offered as a prize by the French Academy of Sciences for an effectual remedy against cholera. Essays on the subject are pouring in with great rapidity.

The American Musical Fund Society, lacking money for its benevolent work, proposes to give an annual subscription concert, chiefly using the best music composed in the United States. In order to secure the best music, it offers seven prizes for the best songs, solos, symphonies, etc., which may be sent in. The programmes of the annual concerts will be made up largely from the compositions selected by competent judges.

There are now about five hundred looms in Dublin engaged in the manufacture of Irish poplin. Not more than half a dozen manufacturers are engaged in the trade, which, though prosperous, is circumscribed. No similar material presents the same exquisitely fine texture as Irish poplin, which is due largely to the fact that manufacturers use only the very finest materials. The bright, rich colors of the fabric are said to be produced by the quality of the water used in dyeing. A great stimulus was given to the Irish poplin trade by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wearing a poplin which was specially manufactured for her for the occasion of her entry into London. The good effects produced by this graceful act of consideration have ever since been experienced in a very gratifying way. It is the fact that for years there has not been an Irish poplin weaver unemployed. The Princess Louise, on her wedding tour, wore a shining traveling dress, woven by Irish hands on the banks of the Liffey. Pim's poplin factory is the largest in Dublin, its trade being for the greater part wholesale. Two hundred and fifty weavers are constantly employed, as well as thirty dyers, fifty-six silk winders, and many assistants.

Balloon accidents are becoming frightfully common. One occurred lately at Paoli, Indiana, which thrilled the spectators with horror. While the aeronauts were getting into the car the ropes gave way, and the balloon shot up with great velocity. One of the two voyagers let go, and fell to the earth uninjured; but the other clung to the ropes until a height of about a mile or more had been reached, when he too let go his hold. His descent was frightful. Striking the earth, his head was mashed into an indistinguishable mass, and the body was crushed and bruised horribly. The body made a hole in the ground eight inches deep, and rebounded four feet from where it struck. The wife and children of the unfortunate aeronaut were horrified witnesses of this scene.

Sheridan Knowles was a most eccentric individual, and many amusing anecdotes are related of him. On one occasion an opera was produced at Covent Garden, the story of which turned upon the love of a young count for a gypsy girl, whom he subsequently deserts for a lady of rank and fortune; and in the second act there was a fête in the gardens of the count's château in honor of the bride elect. Mr. Binge, who played the count, was seated in an arbor near to one of the wings, witnessing a ballet. Knowles, who had been in front during the previous part of the opera, came behind the scenes, and, advancing as near as he could to Binge without being in sight of the audience, called to him in a loud whisper, "Binge!" Binge looked over his shoulder. "Well, what is it?" "Tell me. Do you marry the poor gypsy, after all?" "Yes," answered Binge, impatiently, stretching his arm out behind him, and making signs with it for Knowles to keep back. Knowles caught his hand, pressed it fervently, and exclaimed, "God bless you! You are a good fellow!"

Table etiquette should be founded in common-sense, though it is not always so. Certain articles of food can not be thoroughly enjoyed if eaten with the use of knife, fork, or spoon. Hence good usage has sanctioned the use of the fingers in certain cases. While our ideas of propriety would be shocked at seeing one take the bone of a beefsteak or a mutton-chop in his fingers, we are not at all horrified when the little bones of a bird are treated in that way, since the meat can only be obtained easily and enjoyed thoroughly by picking them. It is much the same with green corn. Though gnawing the corn from the cob is not an elegant operation for an outside spectator to witness, it is very satisfactory to the individual most interested. Indeed, so generally is it conceded that corn may be eaten from the cob, that silversmiths now make silver handles, which are to be thrust into the large end of the cob, and allow it to be held without soiling the fingers.

Among the numerous remedies proposed for preventing boiler explosions, only one seems to be absolutely safe—that is, to fill the boilers with ice-water, and set them in a cool place.

It has been ascertained that in all lunatic asylums the class of inmates most numerous are farmers, and merchants are next. The reason assigned for this is that they, in an unusual degree, exercise one faculty of the brain, by which an inflammatory action is excited, and that organ becomes diseased at length. To a certain extent there is great safety to the mind in a variety of employments.

Punch takes up the cudgels in favor of woman, and with some justness remarks: "What in woman is called curiosity, in a man is grandiloquently magnified into the spirit of inquiry."

Sir Walter Scott found the companionship of his dogs in his study pleasant and helpful to his work. A faithful drawing of the Edinburgh "den," where the great genius conjured his most potent spells, would show Scott seated at his plain desk thoughtfully bending over his papers, while the immense form of Maida, his shaggy favorite, is stretched at length before the fire. Perched on the highest round of the book-ladder crouches Hense, the beautiful cat, waiting to take her place by the footstool whenever it shall please her rival to saunter forth for a walk. To one or other of these pets Scott was ever tossing a friendly or comic ejaculation, by way of keeping up their spirits till he could take time for a frolic. He believed they understood every word he said, and there did seem to be a sort of clairvoyance between them. Who can tell how much his elastic freshness, power of work, and sweetness of nature were kept in tone by his unbending himself, and "leaning from his human" toward these dumb favorites?

On an average every French revolution costs 12,000,000 francs in recoinage alone. The question is being agitated of giving up a stamp that must be changed with every change of government, and substituting a simple coin stamp, such as "La France," which might be lasting.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A traveler in Texas writes that Austin is a very beautiful place, and though lacking the ordinary means for illuminating the streets, has hit upon a very original method. He says: "So soon as the sun goes down, you see a red-haired girl come out and place herself on each corner of the street. We then turn loose the lightning-bugs, and the two make it as light as day. I have been brought up twice before the authorities for hugging the lamp posts, and fined heavily."

A man bought a horse on condition that he should pay half down, and be in debt for the remainder. A short time after, the seller demanded payment of the balance. The other answered, "No; it was agreed that I should be in your debt for the remainder: how can that be if I pay it?"

Why are free sittings in church very immoral?—Because you are by them made good for nothing.

The following quaint and instructive epitaph was once placed upon a tombstone:

"Our life's a wintry day;
Some only breakfast, then away!
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed:
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large in his debt who lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest has the less to pay."

CHANGED.

My love she wore a simple dress,
  Her hair in waving curls;
They call'd her lovely black-eyed Bess,
  Queen rose among the girls.
I left her, far away to roam;
  She vowed she'd ne'er forget;
But every thing, alas! had changed
  Before again we met.

My love she had become a "blonde"
  When next I saw her face;
And where the curls once graced her head,
  Rats, frizzes, chignons, lace.
She was the belle of skating rinks,
  The joy of a fast set:
I sigh'd, "Do you remember me?"
  She winked and cried, "You bet!"

A full-bearded young grandfather recently had his hirsute appendage shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner-table his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, "gazed long with wondering eye," and finally ejaculated, "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

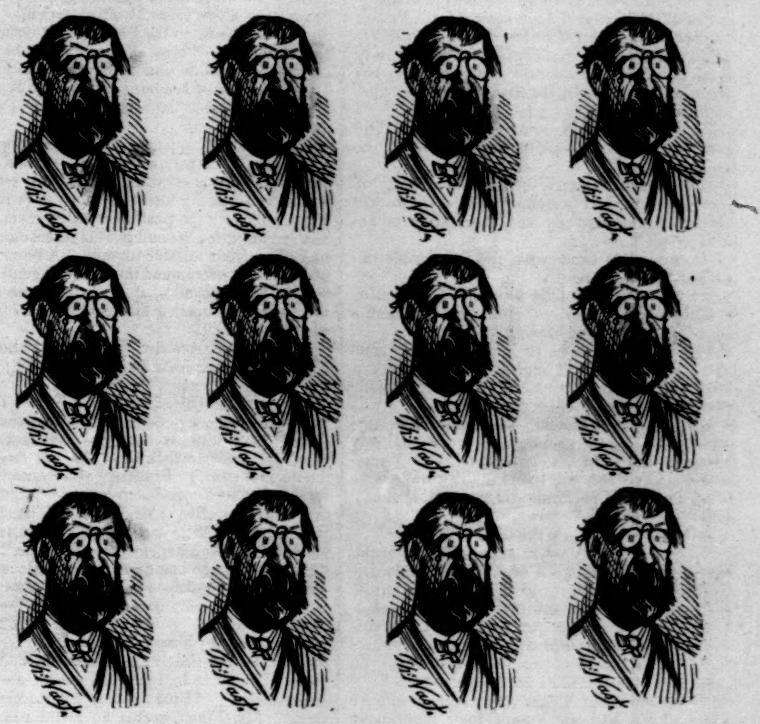
The best 'Bus—Kissing a pretty girl.
Best Re-bus—Kissing her a second time.
A terrible Blunderbuss—Kissing the wrong girl.

An Illinois constable made a return on the back of a paper thus: "I executed this subpeeny by trying to read it to John Mack, but he was drivin' cattle on horseback, and run faster than I could, and kept up such a hollerin' I don't know whether he heered or not. This is the best I could do, and don't know whether the subpeeny is served according to law or not."

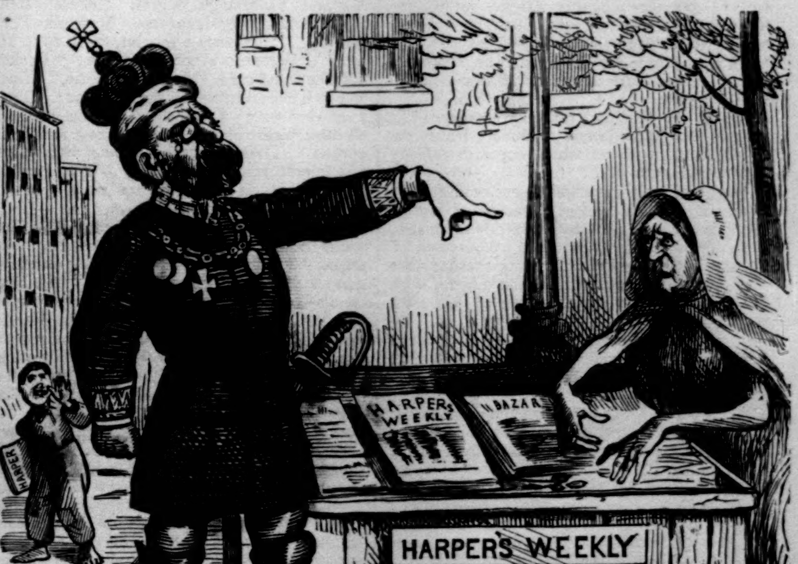
Why is flirtation like plate powder?—Because it brightens up spoons.

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her male guests. "Rossini—indeed I do; he is my favorite composer." "Are you familiar with his 'Barber'" (of Seville)? "Oh dear, no," was the reply; "I always shave myself."

A classic invalid, upon being asked if he was ill, promptly replied, "Sic sum."

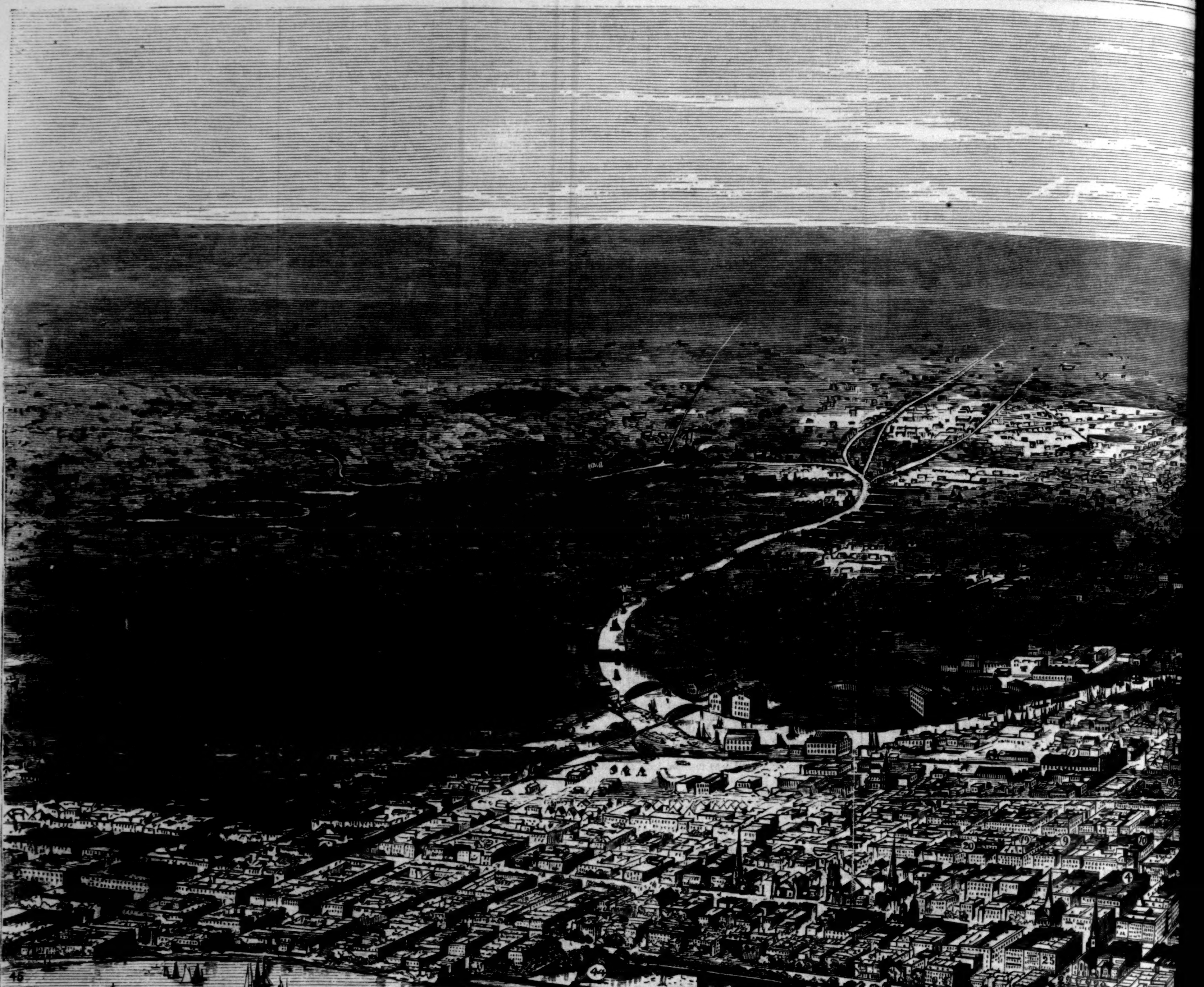


PORTRAITS OF THE MAYOR'S GRAND JURY.



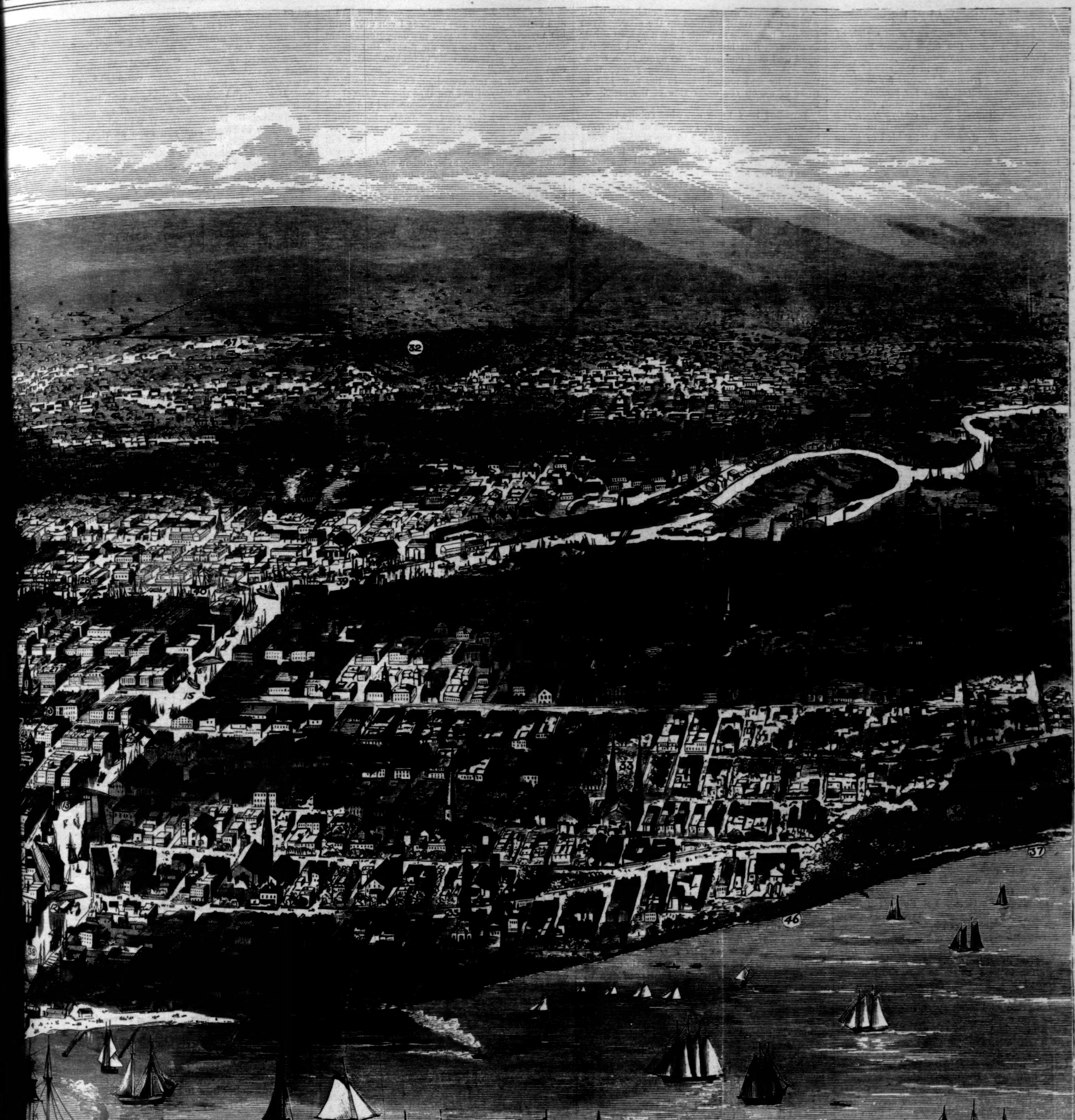
CZAR OF ALL THE ROWDIES.

"Caitiff, r-r-r-emove those slanderous prints, or t-r-r-r-r-emble for thy life! Bewa-r-r-re!! Ah—ha-a!"



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHICAGO AS IT WAS BEFOR

1. Central Elevator.
2. Great Central Dépôt.
3. White Stocking Base-ball Ground.
4. Booksellers' Row.
5. Tremont House.
6. Sherman House.
7. Court-house.
8. Board of Trade.
9. Post-office.
10. Chicago *Tribune*.
11. Crosby Opera-house.
12. Rush-street Bridge.
13. State-street Bridge.
14. Clark-street Bridge.
15. Lasalle-street Tunnel.
16. Wells-street Bridge.
17. Michigan Southern; C., R. I., and P.
18. Site of Ogden House.
19. Bigelow House.
20. Palmer House.
21. Bartlett's Church (Plymouth Congr
22. First Baptist Church.
23. Michigan-avenue Hotel.
24 Terrace Row.



EFOR T FIRE.—Drawn by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 990.]

Congre

ke Block.
cago *Times*.
ridan's Head-quarters.
F. W., and C. Dépôt; and C., A., and St. L.

29. C., Cin., and Ind. Cent. Dépôt.
30. Chicago and Northwestern.
31. Gas-works.
32. Union Park.

33. Washington Square.
34. Dr. Colyer's Church.
35. Water-works.
36. Lincoln Park.

37. Lake Shore Drive.
38. Chicago River.
39. North Branch.
40. South Branch.

41. Entrance of Chicago River into Canal.
42. Union Stock-yards.
43. Dexter Park.
44. Lake Park.
45. South Side.
46. North Side.

47. West Side.
48. Briggs House.
49. Grain Warehouse, near where the first fire began.

HARVEST APPLES.

The letter said "come," and with a sigh of relief I laid it upon the table before me, and looked out into the dusty streets.

I was a working-woman in the city of New York. Whether I trimmed bonnets for Madame La Mode, measured off laces for mademoiselle her daughter, kept books, read proofs, set type, or even wrote editorials for the *Starry Host*, is a matter of no consequence. Suffice it to say, I was tired. In my dreams I "babbled of green fields." I longed for one long summer vacation of freedom and rest. But where should I go? Like Joanna Gayworthy, I found the world "too full of other people." I wanted nature, not men and women.

At length I bethought me of a distant cousin, Hiram Gardner by name, who lived in a low, brown farm-house away up among the Green Mountains; and forthwith I wrote to him, asking if he would receive me as a boarder for three months. This letter was the answer:

"Come right along, Cousin Winifred," he wrote, "and stay as long as you can make yourself contented. Not as a boarder, though. Thank God, I am not so poor as to feel obliged to take money from my own kith and kin for a few weeks' board and lodging. My wife and Hope will be glad to see you."

So, in a flurry of delight, I packed my trunk, telegraphed to Cousin Hiram, and in two days' time stood on the platform of the dépôt at Highland watching the receding train as it thundered down the valley.

As for Hope—little Hope Gardner—what shall I tell you about her? I had my own ideas about "country girls;" I thought of sunburn and freckles, coarse hands and ungainly feet, in that connection. But one glance at Hope as she stood in the flickering shadows of the great elm that overhung the low, wide, roomy house overthrew all my preconceived opinions. Eyes that were of the very tint of the violets I loved—hair that, guiltless of crimping-pins, fell in great golden waves below her waist, and there coiled itself up in a profusion of tiny curls; brow so fair that you saw the net-work of blue veins at the temples; cheeks softly tinted with a wild-rose bloom; face of a delicate oval, redeemed from gentle insipidity by the sweet firmness of the well-cut lips, and by eyebrows and lashes many shades darker than the hair; slight girlish figure, clad in a simple, graceful costume that would have passed unchallenged any where. Such was the picture that greeted my eyes as Cousin Hiram's pair of handsome grays swept round the corner, and Hope came forward to meet me.

Before many weeks had passed I began to discover the trail of the serpent in my newly found Eden. I had thought my cousin Hiram one of the most favored of mortals; but Mordecai sat at the king's gate, and the soul of Haman was troubled.

It was the old, old story—older than the days of the Montagues and Capulets—almost as old as the days of Adam and Eve. There had been first ambitions and rivalries, then harsh words and bitter recriminations, hatreds and revenges. Now all had settled down into a deep and silent enmity. Hiram Gardner and Thomas Remington lived upon adjoining farms; could have clasped hands across the narrow aisle as they sat in their pews on Sunday; met each other daily in streets, at the post-office, in the market-place. But they never spoke, never recognized each other by glance or sign. Yet they were both good men—men who should have loved each other. Perhaps deep down in either heart there was a regret for the past, a longing for reconciliation. Perhaps if either one had been unfortunate or in distress, the other might have been willing to be the first to bury the hatchet and smoke the calumet of peace. But both were prosperous, both were honored; and the demon of pride kept them apart, ruling their natures as with a rod of iron.

Yet a faint line across the meadows showed where a well-worn foot-path had once run from door-way to door-way.

I think that my coming to Highland was a pleasure to Hope. Perhaps it brought some element into her quiet life that was needed there. But after the first excitement of my arrival had died away, and I had insensibly glided from the position of guest into that of member of the family, I began to perceive that all was not well with her. There was at times a look of pain and longing in her eyes. There were drooping curves about her sweet lips even when she smiled. There was a nervous unrest about her, and she flew from employment to employment as if to escape thought. I noticed that when these moods were upon her her mother watched her furtively, and her father's brow darkened strangely. Yet his manner toward her was inexpressibly tender. She was, indeed, the very apple of his eye—this "Hope" that had been born to him after all his other children had been laid under the sod.

"I shall not go to church to-day," said Cousin Rhoda, one Sunday morning. "Melissa's mother is not well, and I have told her she may go home."

"Neither shall I go," said Cousin Hiram. "I sprained my wrist yesterday, and it is growing very painful."

"Let us walk, then, Cousin Winifred," said Hope, her eyes brightening. "We can go 'across lots,' and it shortens the distance by half."

Nothing could have suited me better, and we were soon on our way. No flower that bloomed in the meadow or down by the winding river-banks was fairer or sweeter than Hope Gardner that day. All the freshness, the purity, the sweetness, the repose of that still Sabbath morning seemed embodied in her.

The minister was reading the first hymn, when a firm, quick tread sounded up the aisle. Even before I had time to think I felt a sudden shiver in the arm that lay against mine, and saw the hand that held one-half of the hymn-book tremble. A remarkably fine-looking young man passed by and took a seat in the pew just in front of us, on the other side of the aisle. It was Mr. Remington's pew.

Impelled by I know not what subtile instinct of womanly sympathy, I glanced at Hope from behind my veil, expecting to see precisely what I did see—evidences of sudden and profound emotion. A quick pallor drove all the color from her face for an instant; then the rich blood swept back again, and her cheeks grew crimson.

She scarcely glanced at the new-comer, but kept her eyes fixed upon old Dr. Merrill, apparently absorbed in his thirdlys and fourthlys. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, however, she took my arm hastily and pressed forward toward the door.

If she was anxious to escape from any one, to elude any one, her design was defeated. There was a crowd near the door, and our progress was obstructed. As we waited in the porch I felt a presence behind us, and a low voice that could scarcely have reached less sensitive ears whispered,

"Look at me, Hope! Speak to me! Give me one word, for God's sake!"

She clung to my arm with a close clasp, trembling like a leaf. For one instant her face grew radiant as she lifted her eyes to meet the passionate glances that sought her own so eagerly. But she spoke no word. He leaned forward, with another whisper upon his lips. Suddenly she turned with an air of decision.

"Cousin Winifred—Miss Ethridge—this is Mr. Willard Remington."

I bowed; the gentleman bowed. Then the crowd broke and parted at the steps, and we all went our several ways.

Hope wept silently half the way home, and I walked, statue-like, beside her. At last I could bear it no longer.

"What is it, Hope?" I asked. "Tell me all about it, dear."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell!" she said, wearily. "Only I am very wretched, and so is—somebody else."

Of course. It was merely another old story. Romeo and Juliet this time. It was not necessary to ask the cause of the trouble. I knew it too well already.

"Is this Mr. Thomas Remington's son?" I asked, to make assurance doubly sure.

"Yes." And after a little she told me all there was to tell: how they had loved each other for years in boy and girl fashion long before this dreadful feud arose; how, as boy and girl, they had given each other up on account of the family troubles; how Willard went West to seek his fortune as a lawyer; how both imagined that they had forgotten the early love, and that the old wounds were healed; how he had come home a year ago; and how the first word, the first look, exchanged between them, had revivified the old affection, and proved to them that instead of dying it had been gaining strength through all these silent years. But it was of no use, she said: they could never marry. And now Willard had come on again, when it was only torture to both of them to meet, and she did not know how she could bear it.

After that, day by day I watched the struggle that was going on in Hope Gardner's heart—a struggle under which she grew pale and still and cold. I knew that the lovers met sometimes in the little summer-house at the foot of the garden, or down by the river-side. So persistent a wooer as this new Romeo could hardly fail to bring about as much as that. Yet the stolen interviews brought little of joy to either of them, if one could judge of the weary eyes and set, still face that Hope always brought back with her.

One night I waylaid Cousin Hiram as he was coming in from the orchard. He looked worn and depressed. Indeed, a shadow rested upon the whole house.

"Were you coming in?" I asked. "I was just going up to the 'Spreading Tree' to see if the harvest apples were ripe."

"Not yet, I guess," he said, turning about. "But I'll go with you. Apples are late this year," he added, reflectively.

The large tree, renowned for its wide-spreading branches, was laden with fruit even to the topmost bough—great balls of green and gold, that were slowly reddening in the sunshine.

"Hard as Rock Dunder," said my companion, making a slight indentation upon one of them with his thumb. "They will not be fully ripe in a fortnight."

I had not lured him there, out of sight of the house, to talk about apples.

"Cousin Hiram," said I, suddenly, while my heart seemed to spring to my throat—"Cousin Hiram, do you know that Hope loves Willard Remington?"

I was frightened before the words had fairly passed my lips. I had broached, I well knew, a tabooed subject. People were not in the habit of talking to Hiram Gardner about the Remingtons. I ventured one glance at his face. It was stern and dark, and his breath came in quick, labored gasps. Presently he turned on his heel, and was about to leave me. But, having put my hand to the plow, it was not my nature to look back. I ran after him, and repeated my question.

"Pshaw!" he said, tossing an apple into the air with the toe of his boot, "that's all over long ago. There was some nonsense or other between them when they were mere children, I believe."

"You believe! Do you not *know*, Cousin Hiram, that Hope loves him to-day?"

"Well, what is to be done about it? What if she does?" he asked, turning upon me like a lion at bay. "Do you suppose I can ever humble myself enough to give my daughter to that man's son? I'd see her die first! But there's no danger; girls don't die of broken hearts, except in novels."

"Do not be too confident, Cousin Hiram," I said. "Can you not see that she *is* dying? I do not say that you will be compelled to lay her under the sod this year or next. Something will be left, probably, that will move about your house in a pale, still way; something that will work, and speak sometimes, and—suffer; something with sad, weary eyes, and an air of hopeless patience. But your Hope, your bright, joyous, loving child, your sunbeam, your song-bird, will be dead—dead as her brothers and sisters in the grave-yard yonder!"

He shivered from head to foot that soft, balmy summer night, and his mouth worked in a sudden spasm of pain. But I went on pitilessly:

"It is killing her mother too: can you not see it? Can you not see how her eyes follow Hope, how she grieves over her, how her own cheek pales whenever Hope's grows white, how—"

"Stop!" he cried. "Do you think I am blind, Winifred, or a fool? Do you think I have no eyes? Do you think I am in this position from mere willfulness? But women never can look at things from a man's stand-point. How can I help myself? I don't want to mar Hope's life, I don't want to make her wretched; yet what can be done? I can't undo the work of the last seven years, and I can't let Hope marry the son of the only man on earth, I verily believe, who hates me—and whom I hate. That's the long and the short of it, Winifred. We're in a bad fix, but it can't be helped."

"But you don't hate Willard?"

"No—I like him. He's a fine, manly young fellow; sure to make his mark in the world, if he is a Remington. I have no fault to find with him."

"Then, oh, Cousin Hiram—" I began. But he interrupted me, laying a heavy hand upon my arm.

"There's no use talking, Winifred. You can tell me nothing that I do not know already. I am as sorry for all this as you can be. Is not Hope my own child? But I am a man, and I can not go back on my own record. I never shall consent to this marriage, unless some voice speaks to me out of a thunder-cloud and says 'Do it.'"

A sudden thought struck me as I glanced up at the laden boughs of the apple-tree.

"Then if a miracle were wrought in their favor, your pride might be persuaded to yield?" I said, doubtless with a little tinge of bitterness.

He answered, angrily:

"When a sign is sent to me direct from Heaven, I'll give Hope to Willard Remington; but not before."

I sat up late that night; but early the next morning, when the gray dawn was just brightening in the east, I stole softly past Hope's door, down the stairs, that creaked perversely despite all my caution, opened the hall door as silently as a dream, and flew down the garden path and over the wall into the orchard.

For some days things went on from bad to worse. One evening Hope threw a light cloud over her head, and wandered off toward a little clump of hemlocks down by the falls. I knew well enough where she was going, and what she was going for. Probably her father knew also. But if so, he did not interfere. He could trust her.

I was in the hall when she came in. Her face was white as marble, and just as set and cold. Her eyes were tearless, but heavy and bloodshot. She went up stairs to her room, and I went to mine. She had never spoken to me of Willard Remington since that Sunday at church, and I respected her silence.

The next day, at the post-office, I heard that he had gone back to his Western life.

This was Tuesday. The next Thursday we were all out in the porch when a neighbor, who was going by, stopped for a chat, leaning with both arms upon the gate.

"By-the-bye," he said, "have you heard of the accident on the New York Central? Cars ran off a bridge into fifteen feet of water, and a third of the passengers were killed. Willard Remington was on board, and they say he is among the missing."

Hope raised one hand to her head, with a faint scream, and fell to the floor as if a ball had pierced her heart.

We carried her into the house and laid her upon the bed in her mother's room. It was an hour before she gave signs of returning consciousness. Then, when the pale lips began to quiver a little, and there was a slight tremulous motion of the eyelids, Cousin Rhoda said, in a hushed voice:

"Go away now, both of you. When she comes to she will want to see no face but her mother's. Hiram Gardner, if your pride has killed our child, may God forgive you!"

We went out of the back-door, and followed the little foot-path that led to the orchard, till we stood under the tree where the harvest apples were fast crimsoning. Cousin Hiram's face was very grave.

"Winifred," he said, "I wonder if the sign from Heaven was sent to me long ago, and my blind eyes could not see it? This is too much like the voice out of the thunder-cloud."

I passed round to the other side of the tree, apparently looking for fallen fruit, and waited for him to follow me, which he did presently.

"Look there, Cousin Hiram!" I said, tremblingly, while my face flushed. "Look there!"

"Look where?" he asked. "I do not see any thing."

I took a long stick from the ground and pointed to a great crimson apple that swung from the nearest bough, yet far above our heads. There, in letters of pale green upon a ruby ground, were the words, "Willard"—"Hope."

He started violently. "My God! Winifred, what does that mean?" And the man's lips were white as ashes.

"It means," I answered, perhaps with lips as colorless as his, for the very depths of my being were stirred—"it means that if Willard is alive he belongs to Hope, and you have no right to keep them apart."

For full five minutes he stood beside me with his face buried in his hands. Then he looked up, with a faint smile playing about his resolute lips.

"There is some hocus-pocus about this, Winifred. We don't have miracles in the nineteenth century. However, I accept the omen. I am going over to Mr. Remington's to ask if Willard was on the train, or if he has been heard from. Don't touch that apple."

An hour afterward Cousin Hiram came home, and walked straight through the sitting-room into the bedroom where Hope still lay with closed eyes, speechless, motionless—a white statue that scarcely breathed. He bent down and kissed her lips.

"I have been over to Mr. Remington's, Hope," he said. "Willard has just telegraphed. He was not on the train. Open your eyes, my child, and look at me. I want you to send this apple to Willard, and tell him it means that you belong to him, and he to you."

She just kissed him; that was all.

Three years afterward I went up to Highland to meet Hope, who was home on a visit. We were all out under the spreading apple-tree.

"Now tell us all about it, Winifred," said Cousin Hiram. "I know you can explain the mystery of the apple if you choose."

"No," I answered, laughing; "that would spoil all the romance. But if you ever want a miracle performed in behalf of your little grand-daughter here, all you have to do is to give me a sharp pair of scissors, some tissue-paper, and a few drops of mucilage."

"One thing more, I reckon," added Cousin Hiram. "In my opinion you would need a half-ripe harvest apple."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Many of our readers have become quite familiar during the past few months with the name of cundurango, a tree found in Ecuador, the young stems and roots of which are claimed to be a specific cure for cancer and other diseases. A quantity of this was sent by the government of that country to the State Department, in Washington, to be experimented upon by some physicians of that city, and the result of the inquiry having been satisfactory, a special expedition was sent out to obtain an increased supply. Much controversy has arisen, however, as to the real virtue of the plant, many physicians denouncing the whole movement as savoring of quackery and humbug. The precise botanical relationships and character of the plant have been until recently unknown; but we now learn from the *Andes*, of Guayaquil, of July 29, in a communication from Dr. Buyon, that it belongs to the order *Eupatoriaceæ*, and species *Mikania guaco* of Endlicher, and that its name of cundurango, in the Quichna language, means vine of the condor. It is the same plant that is called guaco in Colombia. According to the tradition of the country, when the condor is bitten by a poisonous serpent it swallows the leaves of the guaco plant, and experiences no harm. In Colombia there are said to be three varieties of the guaco—green, purple, and white—the purple variety being intensely bitter, the white less so and more aromatic, while the green has more astringency.

Dr. Bliss, of Washington, is understood to be the great champion of the cundurango, and claims to have accomplished several notable cures upon prominent personages, and considers it to be as reliable a specific in cancer and scrofula and other blood diseases as cinchona and its alkaloids have proved to be in zymotic diseases. It is quite certain that for many years this plant has been brought forward in tropical America as an invaluable cure for a variety of diseases. As the *Mikania guaco* is found abundantly in South America, it can readily be obtained without going into the interior of Ecuador, should it answer all the expectations of its partisans.

Dr. Robert Brown, in a communication on the "Interior of Greenland," states that the result of all the attempted explorations of the interior goes to show that this is one huge *mer de glace*, of which the outlets and overflow are the comparatively small glaciers on the coast, though, when compared with the glacier system of the Alps, they are of gigantic size. The out-skirting land is, to all intents and purposes, merely a circlet of islands of greater or less extent. There are, in all probability, no mountains in the interior—only a high plateau, from which the unbroken ice is shed on either side to the east and west, the greater slope being toward the west. No mountains have been seen in the interior, the prospect being generally bounded by a dim, icy horizon. Dr. Brown considers Greenland susceptible of being crossed from side to side with dog or other sledges, provided the party start under experienced guides, and sufficiently early in the year.

At a late meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Mr. William H. Dall made a communication in regard to the result of certain experiments in the way of transplanting the Eastern oyster (*O. virginica*) to Shoalwater Bay, in Washington Territory. A company lately organized has undertaken to raise this oyster for the Pacific coast market, and it has been found that the young of the original specimens thus transplanted lose to a large extent the smoothness and whiteness which is characteristic of the Eastern, and assume those of the California oyster (*O. conchaphila*) when well developed. He stated that a similar fact had been noted in regard to the English oyster (*O. edulis*), which, when transplanted by the French to beds in the Mediterranean, exhibited in the young a strong resemblance to the native Mediterranean oyster (*O. cochlear*).

The *Athenæum* announces the death, on the 26th of August, of Mr. James De Carle Sowerby, at the ripe age of eighty-four. This gentleman was well known as a naturalist; still better, however, as an artist, his illustrations of shells, plants, and other objects of natural history being considered of superior excellence, and gracing the pages of many of the more important works on natural history published in England for many years past. It was in the branches of conchology and botany that he was most prominent; in the latter department mainly in connection with what is known as "Sowerby's English Botany," intended to give a life-size colored figure of every British plant; and of which eighty-one fasciculi, or ten volumes, are already published, at a cost of over $10,000 per set.

The contract for the new telescope which Congress at the late session authorized the National Observatory to procure has been given to Mr. Alvan Clarke, of Boston, the well-known manufacturer of astronomical apparatus. It is to be of twenty-six inch aperture, and to be completed, according to contract, in about two years. It is understood that Mr. Clarke will visit Europe for the purpose of carefully examining the principal telescopes there before completing the one in question, and it is expected that when erected it will prove to be one of the finest in the world.

Dr. Sclater, in further reference to his plan of zoological stations in different parts of the globe, advises their establishment in connection with the astronomical observatories about to be started for the purpose of taking observations of the transit of Venus in 1874. The Astronomer Royal of England proposes to have such expeditions to the following places: (1) Oahu, Sandwich Islands; (2) Kerguelen's Island; (3) Rodriguez; (4) Auckland, New Zealand; (5) Alexandria. At the first three of these stations a corps of scientific observers must be stationed for at least a year before the transit; Dr. Sclater proposes that naturalists be sent with them, with suitable means of research, for the purpose of carrying on their investigations.

Professor Cope has lately published in the Indianapolis *Journal* an account of a visit to the Wyandotte Cave, and of the animal life occurring within its limits. He reports this cave to be as well worthy the popular favor as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, since, although lacking the large bodies of water of the latter, it is fully equal and even superior to it in the number and beauty of its stalactites. The gypsum regions in the more remote parts of the cave are especially beautiful, this substance occurring in amorphous masses of great purity, or in the form of loose crystals resembling snow.

Fourteen species of animals were found in this cave, consisting of a blind fish similar to, if not identical with, that of the Mammoth Cave, seven species of insects, two of spiders, one of centipedes, and three crustaceans. Several of these species, as might be imagined, are destitute of eyes, such organs being unnecessary to them in their subterranean abode.

A hand-book of British Fungi, by Mr. M. C. Cooke, the well-known editor of "Hardwicke's Science Gossip," has lately been published in London in two volumes, and contains full descriptions of all the species, and illustrations of the genera, with a special reference to the history and determination of the edible and poisonous species. A work of this kind, prepared by so competent a writer as Mr. Cooke, is likely to prove of much value, not only to the botanist, but also to the practical inquirer, and it is greatly to be regretted that some of our authorities on such subjects do not undertake a similar work. It is understood that Dr. M. A. Curtis, of Hillsborough, North Carolina, our most eminent fungologist, has had on hand for many years the materials for such a work on the edible fungi of North America, and that he has been unable to find a publisher willing to undertake it. It is somewhat remarkable that his quest has been unsuccessful, as there would seem to be little doubt of ample patronage for a book that should, and doubtless would, meet an extensive demand.

We are informed by *Nature* that the British government has agreed to the request of the British Association with regard to the proposed eclipse expedition, and that an important series of observations may consequently be looked for along a line extending from the Neilgherry Hills, in India, to Cape York, in Australia. The observation in India will be intrusted to Mr. Pogson, Colonel Tennant, and Captain Herschel, while Mr. Lockyer will probably take charge of the Ceylon station. Java will be cared for by the Dutch government, with, perhaps, the assistance of Mr. Janssen; and a strong expedition will possibly be sent out from Sydney and Melbourne. The necessary instruments are to be forwarded at once to Australia and India. The assistance of the government will be rendered not only in money, but in transportation and equipage and the like. It is also understood that the British government will undertake photographic observations of the approaching transit of Venus.

From the Alaska *Herald* we learn that M. Alphonse Pinart had reached Nushigak on the 31st of May, where he was received very cordially by the authorities. While there he made numerous photographic pictures of the scenery, and gathered collections in ethnology and paleontology. He left Nushigak on the 16th of June, on board the steamer *John Bright*, for the Yukon River, and expected to reach the interior in time to attend the great July fair held by the Yukon Indians. He devotes especial attention to the departments of ethnology and philology.

THE TUNNEL OF THE ALPS.

The ceremonial opening of the grand railway tunnel, seven miles and a half long, which passes quite through the Graian range of the Alps, between Savoy and Piedmont, took place on Sunday, September 17. It will be sufficient to recapitulate briefly the story of this great undertaking, and to give some particulars of what has latterly been accomplished.

The little kingdom of Sardinia, as it existed in 1856, comprising Piedmont, Savoy, Genoa, and the island from which the collective state was named, with an aggregate population of five millions, has the whole and sole honor of this great achievement. It is not to Italy or to France, but to the small sub-alpine state that stood between them, with a population speaking many local dialects in the mountain valleys, but partaking, as a race, of one character—as robust, honest, patient, and loyal, as laborious, ingenious, and sagacious, as the Scottish nation—that the merit of the work belongs. Count Cavour was the author of the great Alpine tunnel, in so far as he was the man by whose enlightened and energetic resolution it was brought into existence.

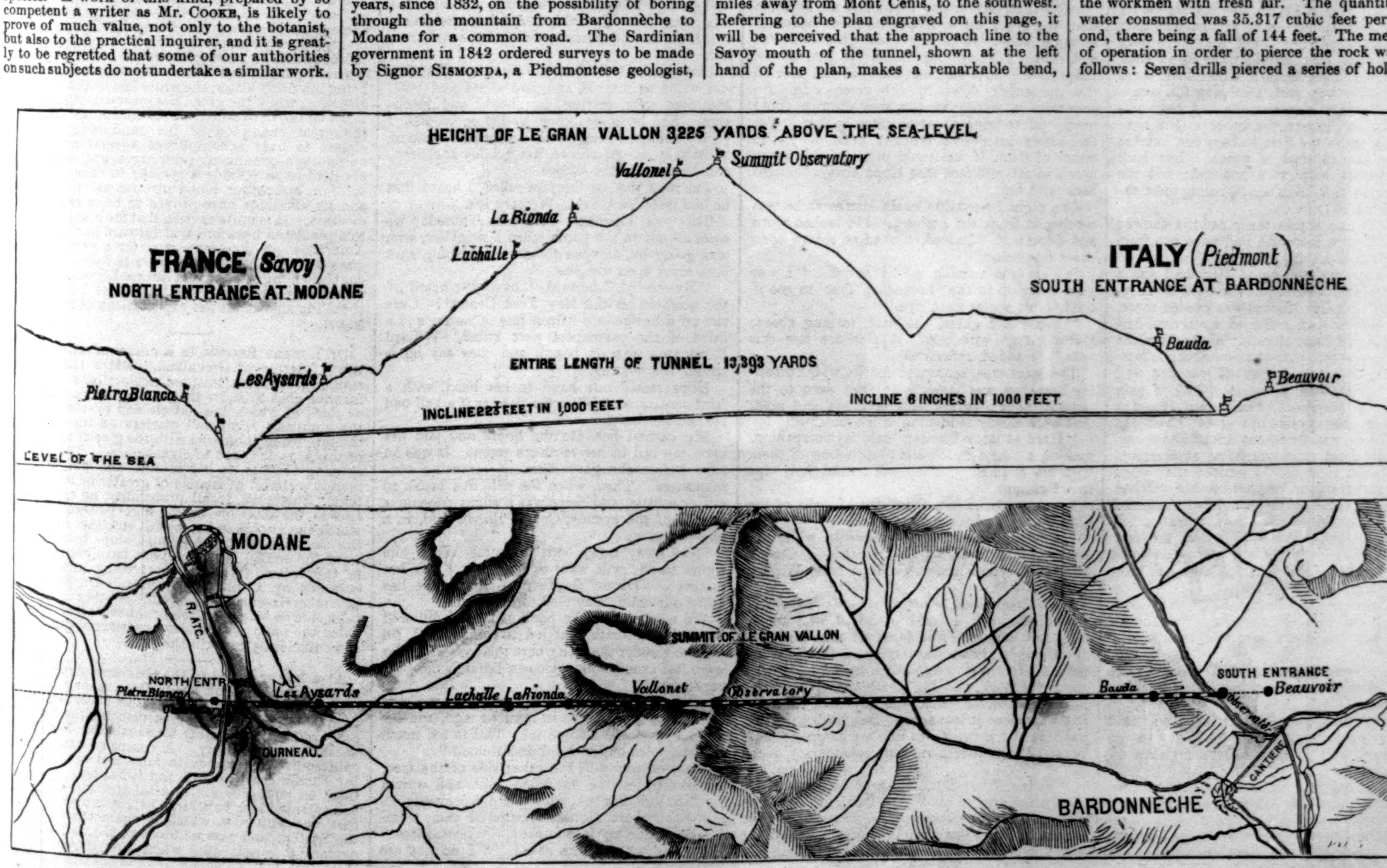
The practicability of a railway passing the Alps had been discussed in 1842, by the Savoy Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce at Chambéry. It was then proposed by a Piedmontese road-contractor, Joseph Médail, of Bardonnèche, who had been meditating ten years, since 1832, on the possibility of boring through the mountain from Bardonnèche to Modane for a common road. The Sardinian government in 1842 ordered surveys to be made by Signor Sismonda, a Piedmontese geologist, and M. Maus, a Belgian engineer, which resulted in the choice of the line actually taken—viz., between Le Grand Vallon and part of an adjacent mountain, called Fréjus, where the Alpine barrier is of least thickness. But the design was abandoned, in consequence of the military disasters of the kingdom in 1848 and 1849, till it was revived by Count Cavour's government in 1856. The Minister of Public Works, Signor Paleocapa, a distinguished professor of physical science at the University of Turin, then bestowed his study on the subject; and to him, jointly with Cavour, must be ascribed the credit of this undertaking.

The merit of inventing and applying the instrumentality by which its execution was effected belongs to three men—Sommeiller, a native of the Vallée de Sixt, in Savoy; Grandis and Grattoni, natives of Piedmont. They were fellow-students, under Professor Paleocapa, at the University of Turin, and they were sent by the Sardinian government to learn railway engineering in Great Britain. They returned to Piedmont in 1850, when their first endeavor was to devise some modification of the atmospheric system, which they had seen in action on the Croydon and South Devon lines, to work the steep inclines of the Turin and Genoa Railway over the Apennines. It occurred to them that there would be some economy in using water-power to condense the air in the tube behind the train to be propelled, instead of using a pump worked by steam-power to exhaust the air in front of it. Now it happened that in 1855 Mr. Bartlett, an English engineer, patented a machine for perforating rock, in mining, by a pointed iron bar, to be darted forth out of a tube, like an air-gun, charged with condensed air. The object was, of course, merely to bore small holes a few inches in diameter to be filled with gunpowder for blasting. Mr. Bartlett's machine, however, was to be worked by a steam-engine used to compress the air. Now the three young Piedmontese engineers had already got at the notion of using water-power—the weight and pressure of a falling stream—to condense air in an iron tube. They saw at once that Mr. Bartlett's atmospheric borer could be most conveniently charged with its force of condensed air by their method of compression by water. This was the very instrumentality that was wanted to bore through the Alps for the proposed tunnel. They went to Paleocapa with it, and he took them to Cavour. The thing was as good as done when Cavour's mind took it in, for he never failed to do whatever he saw might be done with advantage. He instantly provided Sommeiller with a seat in Parliament, that the engineer might explain the plan for himself. A government bill was forthwith brought in and passed, authorizing experiments to be made, at the public cost, by Sommeiller, Grandis, and Grattoni. The experiments, at San Pier d' Arena, near Genoa, were perfectly successful. A contract was made with the Victor Emanuel Railway Company, granting a subsidy of 20,000,000 francs toward the cost of the work. Cavour, in that session of 1856, laid the whole scheme before Parliament, and obtained its legislative confirmation. The works were actually commenced in August, 1857, when the king attended in person. But they went on slowly during the first five or six years.

The tunnel is popularly but incorrectly called the Mont Cenis Tunnel, whereas it is fifteen miles away from Mont Cenis, to the southwest. Referring to the plan engraved on this page, it will be perceived that the approach line to the Savoy mouth of the tunnel, shown at the left hand of the plan, makes a remarkable bend, passing up the valley of the Arc to Modane, then turning round and descending the same valley, parallel to its former course, to reach the mouth of the tunnel at Fourneau. This was needful to gain the requisite elevation, the tunnel being 400 feet above the bottom of the valley, 150 feet above the Mont Cenis road at Modane, and 3709 feet above the sea level. Entering the tunnel, its level is found to rise with an average incline of 1 in 45, or 117 feet 4 inches per mile, to a point just midway, 429 feet above the height of the Savoy entrance. From this point, descending to the Italian side, the incline is very slight, about 1 in 2000, serving only to let the moisture run off the floor. The exact length is 7½ English miles and 242 yards, which is 4½ miles longer than the longest railway tunnel previously constructed in Europe—one at Lanerthe, on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean line. The transverse section displays the outline of the mountain mass, called Le Grand Vallon, through which the tunnel is pierced. The highest point of this mountain is 9600 feet above the sea level; but the greatest height of the mass perpendicularly over the tunnel is 5307 feet. There are, of course, no perpendicular shafts from the surface to the tunnel. The geological composition of the mass along the tunnel line is, first, a thickness of 2350 yards of schist; then 396 yards of quartz, 2954 yards of compact limestone; and the remainder, on the Italian side, is all schist, which was easier to cut than the quartz or the limestone. The dimensions of the tunnel, as excavated, are 25 feet 3½ inches wide at the base; 26 feet 2¾ inches at the broadest part, with a semicircular top; 24 feet 7 inches high at the Modane end, but 11¾ inches higher at the Bardonnèche end. Its roof and walls are cased with masonry. At the Bardonnèche end the vault is of brick, and the sides are of stone; at the Modane end the whole lining is of stone.

The entire work has been executed under the direction of Signor Grattoni, Commander of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, who is chief engineer. His former colleagues, Signor Grandis and M. Sommeiller, have not lived to see the completion of their great work. In subordination to Grattoni, the superintending engineer of the Modane section is Signor Copello; of the Bardonnèche portion, Signor Barelli. These gentlemen are Italians, and the work has been done by Piedmontese laborers; but the cost in money has been divided between Italy and France, amounting probably to more than six millions sterling, inclusive of the approach lines.

The excavation has been done simultaneously from both ends of the tunnel by boring and then blasting the face of the rock. It is in the use of air as a motive power for the perforating tools that the novelty of the Alpine tunnel operations consists. Air was compressed to six atmospheres by means of hydraulic pressure obtained from the mountain streams in the neighborhood of the tunnel. The piercing instrument was a steel drill driven by a piston, worked itself by compressed air from a movable press. The compressed air was conveyed in a cast iron tube of 7.84 inches inside diameter, and 39 inches thick. The tube was made in lengths of from 6 feet to 8 feet. Safety-valves were placed in this tube, and whenever the pressure became more than six atmospheres, air escaped, and was conveyed by other tubes to the scene of operations in the middle of the mountain, and supplied the workmen with fresh air. The quantity of water consumed was 35.317 cubic feet per second, there being a fall of 144 feet. The method of operation in order to pierce the rock was as follows: Seven drills pierced a series of holes in

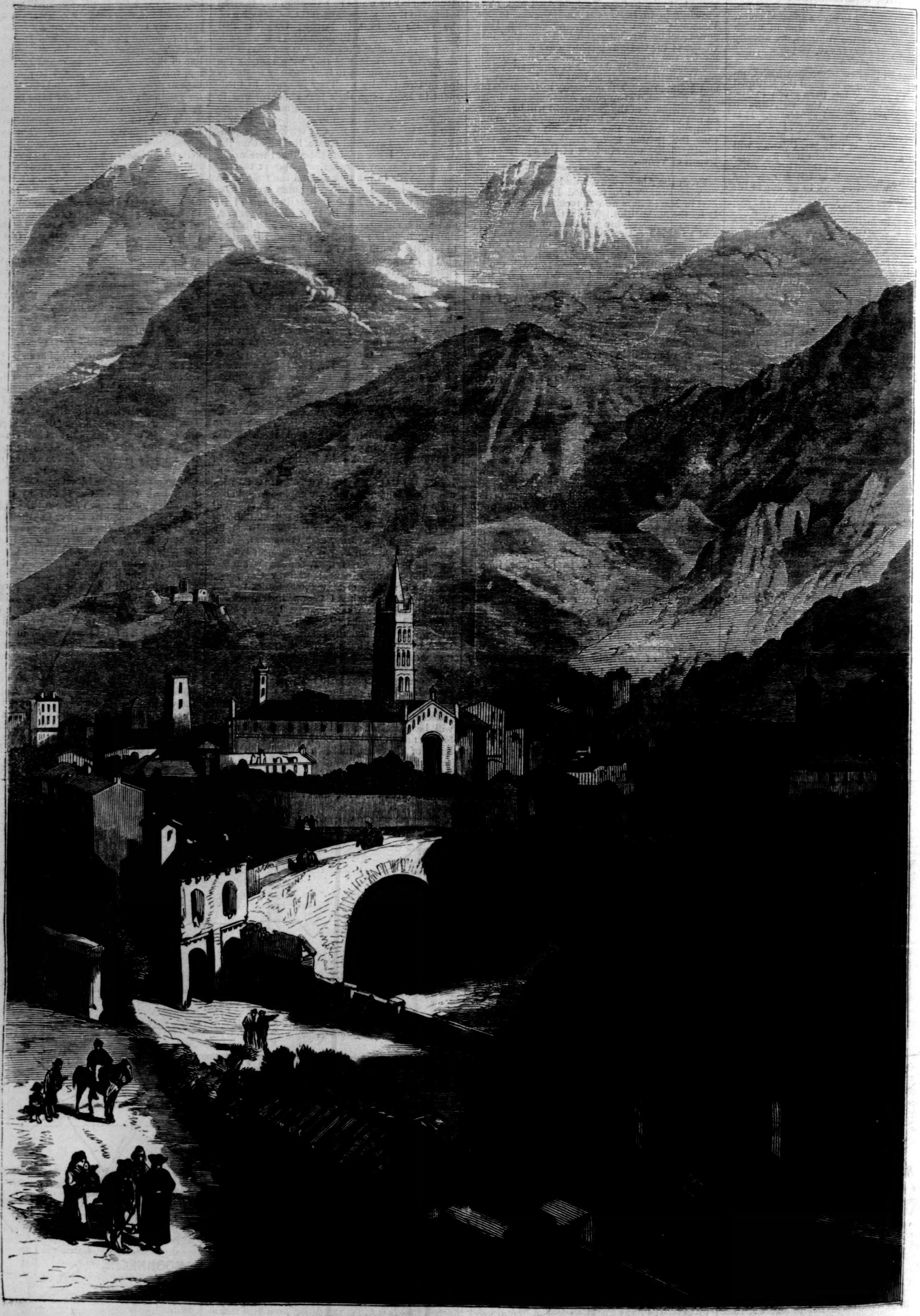


PLAN AND SECTION OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

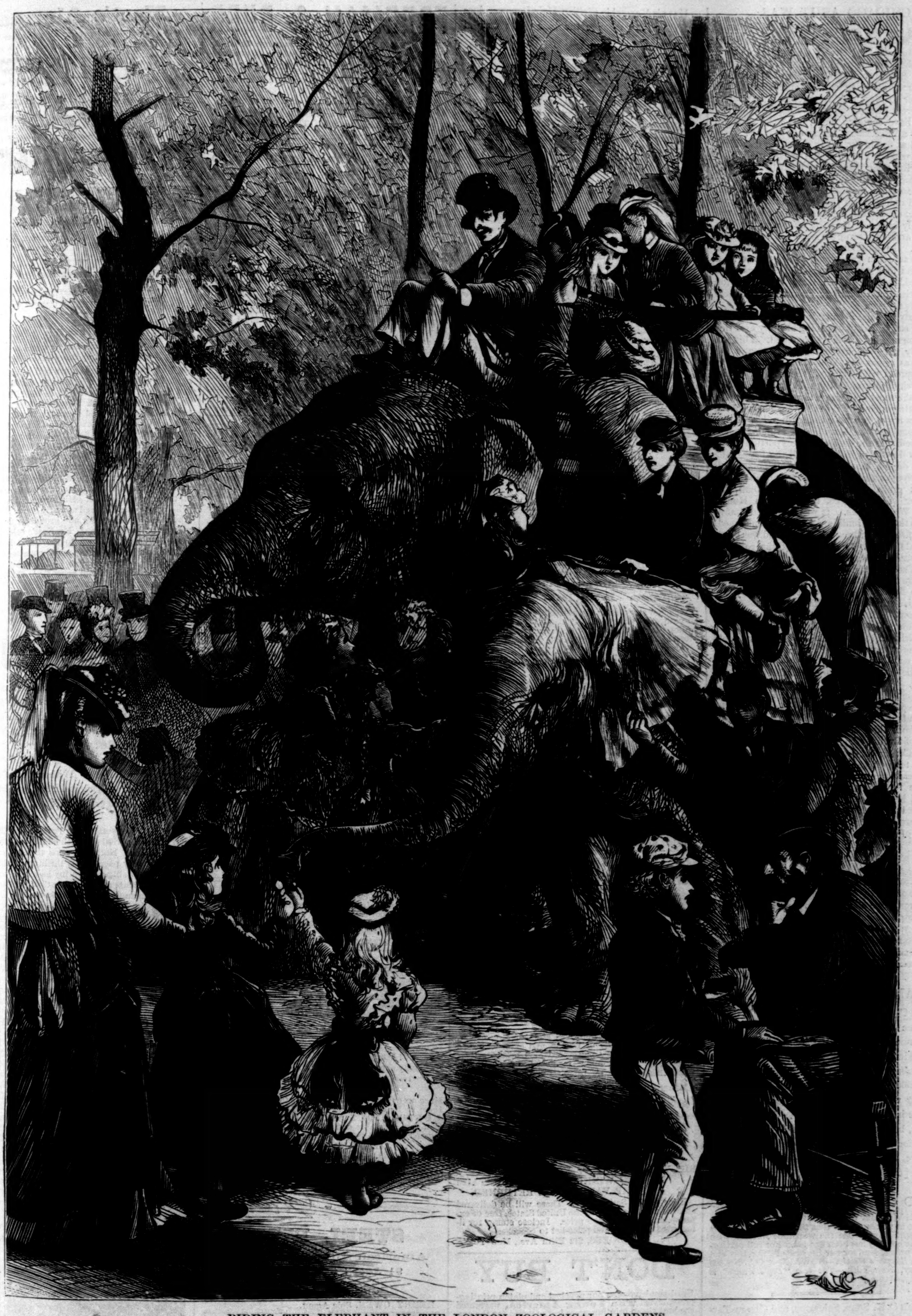
the rock. These holes were about a yard in depth, 1 inch to 3 inches in diameter; only the smaller ones were filled with powder, the larger were simply made in order to diminish the resistance of the stone. These seven holes took from five to seven hours to perforate, according to the nature of the rock. When the holes had been made they were dried thoroughly by means of blasts of compressed air, and then charged. The mines were successively exploded, beginning with those in the centre of the vault. Then the fragments were cleared away in trucks. In the twenty-four hours the progress was from two yards to three yards, according to the hardness of the rock.

It was on the day after last Christmas-day that the two separate parties of engineers and workmen, boring into the mountain from opposite sides, at length met each other half-way through. There was scarcely half a yard difference in the axis lines of the two portions of the tunnel. That it should have been executed with so slight a variation, where no perpendicular shafts could be opened to the surface of the ground above, is one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering skill.

The day of the opening and the following Monday and Tuesday were devoted to the official congratulations and popular festivities. The Italian ministers of state, Sella, Visconti Venosta, De Vincenzi, and Castagnola; the presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies; M. Lefranc, the French embassador; Signor Nigra, the Italian embassador in France; M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Swiss embassador, and other persons of distinction, were present. The tunnel had been safely and comfortably traversed by special trains on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday morning. It was found that the passage could be made in twenty-one minutes, and there was no inconvenient degree of heat or want of air to breathe. The company were entertained with a banquet on Sunday in a grand pavilion erected for the purpose at Bardonnèche. In the city of Turin there were other demonstrations of joy, and the statue of Paleocapa was unveiled by the Prince of Carignan. The little town of Susa, at the foot of Mont Cenis, will henceforth lie quite out of the traveler's road; but we give a view of the place for the sake of its proximity to the Alpine tunnel, and its past historical associations.



OPENING THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.



RIDING THE ELEPHANT IN THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

One of the pleasantest of London resorts is the gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, with their gorgeous flower beds, trim lawns, retiring paths between the shrubberies or beneath the trees, and wonderful collection of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles which is there displayed to curious inspection. Every Monday these gardens are open to the working classes, at a trifling admission fee, who probably take more eager notice of the strange animals, and speculate with a more inquiring mind upon their habits and ways of life, than the class who have been "educated" to a mood of indifference, except that the children have in no social position yet learned the creed of Nil admirari, and their frank expressions of joyful surprise are the best part of the treat to their elder companions. To see them assembled round the mighty elephants, at the hour appointed for riding up and down the broad path, where the huge soft feet are wont to pace with a noiseless tread, is an interesting and pleasing exhibition of fresh youthful humanity, which should be more attractive to the kindly observer than any exotic variety of bestial existence. The ambitious little candidates for a seat upon the grand creature's lofty back, which to their eyes must appear forty or fifty feet in height, shows as great an amount of courage in daring to mount him as in any action or adventure of their short past lives; and when the stately, gentle monster begins his safe and easy march, with half a company of infantry in possession of his vast body, which seems a moving hill, the glorious exultation of that moment is not to be surpassed. Yet we remark two or three of the smaller girls who look a little frightened, and it is to be hoped that none will feel as though seasick, which is a disagreeable experience sometimes caused by the heaving motion of the beast they are to ride. Perched on the head of the animal, in a ridiculous attitude, sits Mr. Dick Swiveller, an idle young man, who ought to know better than to occupy the place of children. The boys astride of the junior elephant seem quite accustomed to this riding; but their steed is frisky, and unfairly excited by the little girls' offerings of cakes and buns, so that the keeper must twitch his ear to make him stand quiet. Gee up, Elephant! Now we're off, and on we go!

CHICAGO AS IT WAS.

On the opening pages of this number of *Harper's Weekly* our readers will find a pictorial map of the beautiful city of Chicago as it stood before the terrible conflagrations which commenced Saturday night, the 7th of October. At the hour at which we are compelled to put our paper to press only fragmentary particulars of the great disaster which has befallen our sister city have come to hand, but next week we shall lay a full account before our readers.

The first fire broke out in a planing establishment in what is known as the Western Division of the city, near the site occupied by the large grain warehouse owned by Vincent, Nelson, & Co., one of the largest in Chicago, which will be found indicated on the view. The wind was fresh from the south, and the flames were driven so rapidly before it that the efforts of the firemen to arrest its progress were for a long time fruitless. In half an hour from the time the alarm was given the whole district was in a blaze, and four entire blocks of buildings were destroyed, involving, with many houses of the poorer class, a very large amount of valuable business property.

Scarcely had the firemen, after hours of arduous toil, succeeded in obtaining mastery over this fire, when another alarm was sounded. This was at nearly ten o'clock Sunday evening, and the scene was again the Western Division. The flames spread with amazing rapidity before the strong wind, sweeping from block to block in spite of the most active exertions of the firemen, and making their way into the very heart of the city, over a space of more than five miles. A dispatch from Chicago, dated 9 A.M. Monday morning, stated that the entire business portion of the city was destroyed, including all the banks, the railroad dépôts, express and telegraph offices, all the newspaper buildings except that of the *Tribune*, six grain elevators, the Court-house, the Chamber of Commerce, the Sherman House, and the Water-works. It was estimated that at least ten thousand buildings had been consumed, and the fire was still raging. The wind was blowing a gale, and to this was added the calamity of a scarcity of water, owing to the destruction of the Water-works. Whole blocks of buildings were blown up with powder in the effort to arrest the flames. The amount of property destroyed is estimated by millions.

The outbreak of this terrible conflagration found Chicago one of the fairest and most flourishing cities of the Union. No other city could show more elegant private residences, more substantial warehouses and stores, more commanding public edifices, or more beautiful streets and avenues. One night has changed all this. A destruction almost as complete as that which once swept over old London has fallen upon it. Thousands upon thousands of people have been driven from their homes, and deprived of their means of livelihood. So great was the immediate suffering among them that the Mayor of the city telegraphed to other cities for food and other means of succor; and as the necessity must continue for some time, it will be incumbent upon all her sister cities to see that supplies are forwarded in such abundance that the horrors of the present calamity shall not be aggravated by lack of food.

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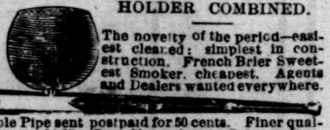

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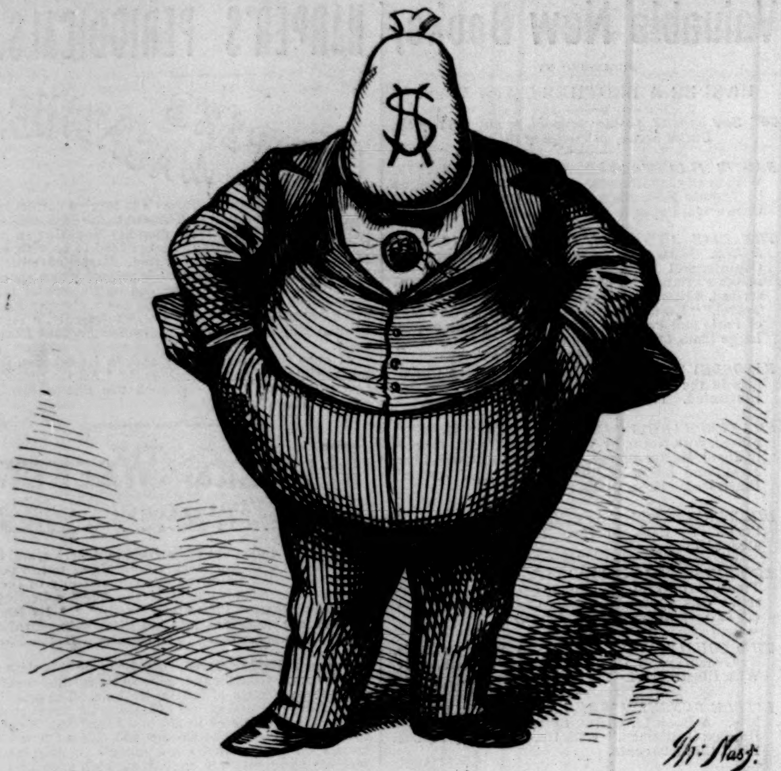

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MURAT HALSTEAD.

Murat Halstead, chief editor and proprietor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was born in Ross Township, Butler County, Ohio, September 2, 1829. The family homestead is one of the oldest in Southern Ohio. In 1804 Mr. Halstead's grandfather removed from Currituck County, North Carolina, intending to locate in the famous Blue Grass region of Kentucky. The insecurity of land titles in that State changed his purpose; he crossed the Ohio, and established his family near the mouth of the Big Miami River. Fairly "washed out" by the memorable flood of 1805, he removed to higher ground, and located on the farm which still remains in possession of the family.

The best school of the boy is at home. Murat's mother taught him to read and write. He led the ordinary life of a country lad—laboring on the farm in the summer, and going to the public school in the winter. The pastor of the church in the neighboring village of New London, the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, taught a select school. Here, at ten years of age, Murat was instructed in the mysteries of composition, and engaged in the debates usual to village lyceums. Mr. Chidlaw had a well-selected library, and its treasures of ancient and modern literature were open to the youth of the country-side. The subject of this sketch eagerly availed himself of it. At the age of nineteen Murat, having struggled for some time with English grammar, conquered M'Guffy and Ray, and devoted some months of good intentions to algebra, geometry, and surveying, entered the Farmers' College, College Hill, then a flourishing institution seven miles from Cincinnati, where boys rapidly acquired a distaste for farm life and labor. During college days he devoted his leisure to sketch-writing for newspapers published in the villages of Hamilton and Rossville. His first real literary venture, however, was a story, which he sent, not without misgivings as to its fate, to the Cincinnati *Gazette*. It was accepted by the then literary editor, William D. Gallagher, the poet, and duly published.

After graduating, in 1851, he appeared in Cincinnati, and in nearly all the newspapers. In those days no newspaper was thought complete without its literary department. This he invaded with a stream of fictitious narrative. The perils of the pioneers of Southern Ohio multiplied under his prolific pen; he slaughtered the aborigines as the Versaillists the Communists of Paris, and rescued distraught damsels as heroically as the Red-cross Knight of the "Faëry Queen."

To these literary labors he added an effort to start a weekly newspaper, two numbers of which actually appeared. The outside of the third number was printed, but progress was checked by inebriety in the mechanical department, and the enterprise was abandoned. No regular position on the daily papers having been offered, he went into winter-quarters in 1851–52 with the late William T. Coggeshall. They rented an inexpensive attic, and there the two young men wrought with great industry. Coggeshall meditated mild romances of the moral domestic school, and Halstead, in addition to the slaughter of the savages, elaborated letters for a score of rural papers in Ohio and Indiana. The experience was profitable, the pay small.

Presently Mr. John D. Caldwell offered a place to Mr. Halstead on the *Atlas*, which was accepted, but in a short time given up to act temporarily as assistant local on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. This position not fully occupying his time, he began to contribute to the *Columbian and Great West*, then a literary weekly of high standing in the West. This led to an engagement as assistant editor proffered by the proprietor, Mr. William B. Shattuck, now of New York city.

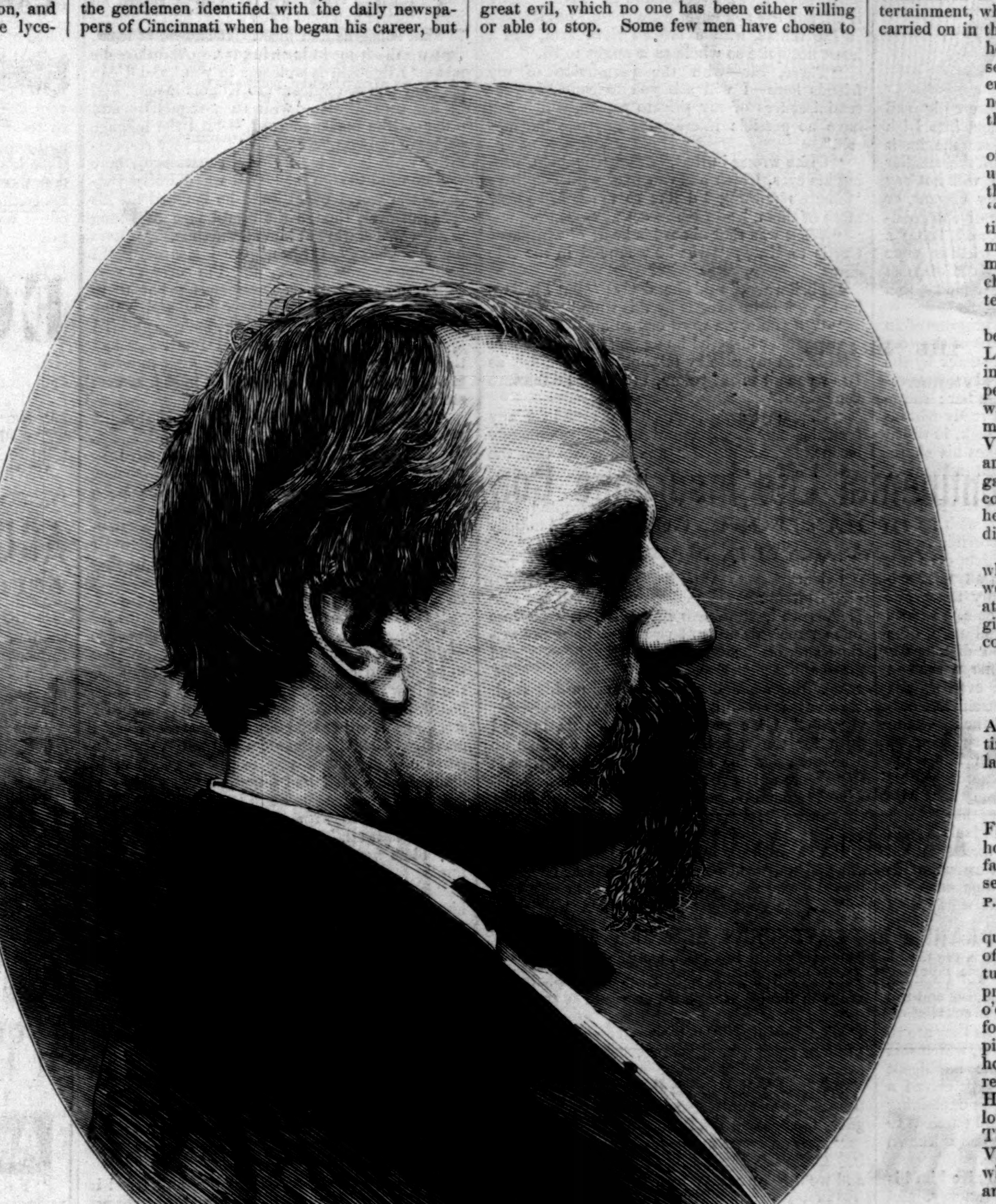
The late M. D. Potter was then managing the *Daily Commercial*, and in 1853 engaged Mr. Halstead's services. It happened, during Mr. Potter's absence from the city and the sickness of his partner, Mr. R. H. Lee, that the direction of the paper fell into Mr. Halstead's hands. He at once introduced a feature in its management that presently wrought a great revolution in Western journalism. It was a systematic abstract and compilation of the important news found in the exchange papers. Cincinnati is a central point, and as the telegraph furnished but a meagre outline of the news, and frequently nothing more than imperfect market reports, the *Commercial* grew in demand as a newspaper. The success of this change was decided, and it was not long before the poets were crowded out of their favorite corners, the feuilletonists banished from conspicuous places, and the daily papers made more truly than before abstract and brief chronicles of the times. No one appreciated this innovation more than Mr. Potter, and on the reorganization of the office, in 1854, Mr. Halstead was enabled to secure a partnership interest in it.

A little later and there was a sudden and remarkable development in the newspaper business, especially in Cincinnati. Mr. Richard Smith became the manager of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and made it a real newspaper. The competition between the two rival dailies became sharp. Requisition was made upon all resources for the collection and prompt diffusion of news. Special correspondents and reporters were sent to every point of news importance with instructions to use the wires freely, and charter special trains if necessary. The result was that Cincinnati soon became noted above all her sister cities of the West for the enterprise and ability of her newspapers. The same determination to distance each other was evinced during the war, and the corps of correspondents of the *Commercial* and *Gazette* was as efficient and able as that employed on any newspaper in the United States.

As has been stated, Mr. Halstead is now the chief editor and proprietor of the *Commercial*, and has given to it the best energies and years of his life. It is a melancholy fact that of all the gentlemen identified with the daily newspapers of Cincinnati when he began his career, but four remain connected with it—Mr. C. D. Millar, of the *Commercial;* G. M. D. Bloss and Hon. James J. Faran, of the *Enquirer;* and Hon. E. D. Mansfield, of the *Gazette*. The others are either dead or scattered.

Mr. Halstead has made himself a representative of vigilance and success in newspaper management. He is an indefatigable worker. When at home no edition of his paper goes to press without his personal supervision. He has, as he has himself described it, "a nose for news," and a certain large suggestiveness which gives impulse as well to his office associates as to correspondents at home and abroad. His management is broad and liberal. No difference of views is allowed to exclude a communication, fairly written, upon any question of public interest. As a writer Mr. Halstead is direct, outspoken, manly, and sometimes more forcible than elegant. Belonging to no association or society, civic or religious; independent of parties, asking no favors of them, and wanting no office; thoroughly centred in and wholly satisfied with his profession—he is in a position to express himself with the greatest freedom concerning men and measures. He has waged remorseless war on dishonesty in office; and the hordes of peculating politicians who, in the names of Republicanism and Democracy, organize for plunder, give him the benefit of distance.

Mr. Halstead is a muscular Christian, broad-shouldered and strong-armed. Few men can go through the amount of labor he performs each day without rapid loss of physical and intellectual power; yet it produces no apparent effect upon him, and such is his exuberant vigor that he has come to regard deterioration of bodily or mental powers under sixty as an unnatural decline.



MURAT HALSTEAD.

DINNER-TIME.

A well-known proverb tells that the rich may dine when they like, but the poor must dine when they can; and although this question of dinner-time is a most important one both to rich and poor, it has been solved in a very different way at different times of the world's history.

As modern nations become more highly civilized, their hours gradually grow later and later; but even if various reasons could be given to account for this declination, it is, nevertheless, a great evil, which no one has been either willing or able to stop. Some few men have chosen to keep to primitive hours, but by so doing they have been forced to leave society, and in consequence society has soon dropped them out of her memory.

The ancients were more natural in their habits than we are: thus, the Roman citizen rose with the lark, and went to bed when darkness came on, and it was only the rich who could afford to live by candle-light. Those idle persons among them who did so were called by Seneca, in contempt, *lucifugæ*.

Fashion now forces her votaries to reverse the proper order of things, by dining at night and supping in the morning. Dr. Franklin, when matters were not so bad as they are now, tried good-humoredly to show the people of France the advantages to be gained by the adoption of early hours; and he calculated that in the city of Paris alone 96,075,000 francs, or nearly four million pounds, would be saved every year by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. The Emperor of Brazil, in his recent visit to London, appears to have been sadly puzzled by the late hours. One day he visited Lincoln's Inn between six and seven in the morning, and was surprised not to find any lawyers there. Another day he started off from his hotel before breakfast to Kew Gardens, and returned for that meal at eight A.M.

Our forefathers had done half a day's work by the time their descendants think of rising, so that candles and gas may in one sense be said to have demoralized the world. The House of Commons originally met at six or seven o'clock in the morning, but after a time the hour of meeting was delayed to nine. About two hundred years ago, noon for meeting, and six P.M. for parting, were considered very late hours by some; and one hundred years ago, Speaker Onslow deplored in bitter terms the laziness of members who considered themselves unable to assemble before two o'clock in the afternoon. The time at which British legislators meet now is four P.M.

When men dined at an hour that many now think the proper time for getting up, they were ready for their amusements much earlier than we now take them. Accordingly, the theatres were opened early in the afternoon in the reign of Elizabeth; and when Whalley edited the plays of Ben Jonson, in 1756, the performances commenced at four P.M. Another class of entertainment, which is now unnaturally late, was carried on in the last century during reasonable hours: balls then began at six or seven o'clock in the evening, and ended at eleven and twelve; but now they begin at the hour when they formerly ended.

Dinner-time is as much the era of the social as noon is of the natural day, and *l'après diner* is almost the only date in Cardinal De Retz's "Memoirs of the Fronde." As all time before dinner is considered as morning, however late the meal may be taken, a notice of the changes in its time will be a good test of early and late hours.

England is now, and always has been, later in its habits than France. Louis XII. dined at half past nine in the morning, but at the same period in England the court hour was eleven; and when that king married the daughter of Henry VII., he gave up his regular habits, and took to English customs, in gallantry to his young bride. In consequence, historians tell us that he fell a victim to late hours, and died soon after his marriage.

Louis XIV. dined at twelve; while his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., were dining at one. An old monastic triplet gives the dinner hour as early as it could well be fixed:

Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

A subsequent proverb shifts the time for all the operations an hour later:

Lever à six, diner à dix,
Souper à six, coucher à dix.

From the Northumberland Household Book (1512) we learn that the family rose at six, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, supped at four P.M., and shut their gates at nine.

When traveling in little frequented parts of Germany, we often find English customs of centuries ago flourishing there at the present day. Eleven and twelve o'clock are very usually the hours for dinner in all parts of that empire. In England the court dinner hour remained at eleven from the reign of Edward IV. to that of Henry VII., but the middle and lower classes dined at nine or ten. The fashionable hour in Henry VIII.'s reign came to be twelve, when Sir Thomas More dined, and it remained fixed there for many years. It is still the working-man's time, and is likely so to remain for centuries, as it appears to be nature's own time. Fashion may make laws as she will, and call meals by various names, but at mid-day most persons feel the necessity of taking food.

When the dinner was eaten early in the morning it was not always the practice to take a previous meal, so that, in point of fact, the old dinner was a knife-and-fork breakfast, such as is common now on the Continent. In Cotton's *Angler* the author says: "My diet is a glass of ale as I am dressed, and no more till dinner." Viator answers: "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast too."

In 1700 the dinner hour had shifted to two o'clock; at that time Addison dined during the last thirty years of his life, and Pope through the whole of his. Very great people dined at four as early as 1740, and Pope complains of Lady Suffolk's dining at that late hour; but in 1751 we find the Duchess of Somerset's hour was three. This, however, only shows that slightly different dinner hours were prevalent at the same period; and we know that when the Duchess of Gordon asked Pitt to dine with her at seven, his excuse was that he was engaged to sup with the Bishop of Winchester at that hour. In 1780 the poet Cowper speaks of four as the then fashionable time; and about 1804–5 an alteration took place at Oxford, by which those colleges that dined at three began to dine at four, and those which dined at four postponed their time to five. After the battle of Waterloo, six o'clock was promoted to the honor of being the dinner hour. Now, we have got on to eight and nine; the epigram tells us,

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our street esteemed the greatest;
But surely greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

We have seen that, within four hundred years, the dinner hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from nine A.M. to nine P.M. Nature, however, will revenge herself on fashion, and have her own way in the long-run; for as the dinner hour becomes gradually later, it must inevitably return to the early hours of past centuries, and the Irishman's description of his friend's habits will be literally true of us, for we shall not dine till—to-morrow.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

SOME IRISHRIES.

THAT which the English irreverently call "chaff" enters largely as an element into Irish life; and when Walpole stigmatized the habit to Joe Atlee as essentially that of the smaller island, he was not far wrong. I will not say that it is a high order of wit—very elegant, or very refined; but it is a strong incentive to good-humor—a vent to good spirits; and, being a weapon which every Irishman can wield in some fashion or other, establishes that sort of joust which prevailed in the mêlée tournaments, and where each tilted with whom he pleased.

Any one who has witnessed the progress of an Irish trial, even when the crime was of the very gravest, can not fail to have been struck by the continual clash of smart remark and smarter rejoinder between the bench and the bar; showing how men feel the necessity of ready-wittedness, and a promptitude to repel attack, in which even the prisoner in the dock takes his share, and cuts his joke at the most critical moment of his existence.

The Irish theatre always exhibits traits of this national taste; but a dinner-party, with its due infusion of barristers, is the best possible exemplification of this give and take, which, even if it had no higher merit, is a powerful ally of good-humor, and the sworn foe to every thing like over-irritability or morbid self-esteem. Indeed I could not wish a very conceited man, of a somewhat grave temperament and distant demeanor, a much heavier punishment than a course of Irish dinner-parties; for even though he should come out scathless himself, the outrages to his sense of propriety, and the insults to his ideas of taste, would be a severe suffering.

That breakfast-table at Kilgobbin had some heavy hearts around the board. There was not, with the exception of Walpole, one there who had not, in the doubts that beset his future, grave cause for anxiety; and yet to look at, still more to listen to them, you would have said that Walpole alone had any load of care upon his heart, and that the others were a light-hearted, happy set of people, with whom the world went always well. No cloud!—not even a shadow to darken the road before them. Of this levity—for I suppose I must give it a hard name—the source of much that is best and worst among us, our English rulers take no account, and are often as ready to charge us with a conviction, which was no more than a caprice, as they are to nail us down to some determination, which was simply a drollery; and until some intelligent traveler does for us what I lately perceived a clever tourist did for the Japanese, in explaining their modes of thought, impulses, and passions to the English, I despair of our being better known in Downing Street than we now are.

Captain Curtis—for it is right to give him his rank—was fearfully nervous and uneasy, and though he tried to eat his breakfast with an air of unconcern and carelessness, he broke his egg with a tremulous hand, and listened with painful eagerness every time Walpole spoke.

"I wish somebody would send us the *Standard*, when it is known that the Lord Lieutenant's secretary has turned Fenian," said Kilgobbin. "Won't there be a grand Tory outcry over the unprincipled Whigs?"

"The papers need know nothing whatever of the incident," interposed Curtis, anxiously, "if old Flood is not busy enough to inform them."

"Who is old Flood?" asked Walpole.

"A Tory J. P., who has copied out a considerable share of your correspondence," said Kilgobbin.

"And four letters in a lady's hand," added Dick, "that he imagines to be a treasonable correspondence by symbol."

"I hope Mr. Walpole," said Kate, "will rather accept felony to the law than falsehood to the lady."

"You don't mean to say—" began Walpole, angrily; then, correcting his irritable manner, he added, "Am I to suppose my letters have been read?"

"Well, roughly looked through," said Curtis. "Just a glance here and there to catch what they meant."

"Which I must say was quite unnecessary," said Walpole, haughtily.

"It was a sort of journal of yours," blundered out Curtis, who had a most unhappy knack of committing himself, "that they opened first, and they saw an entry with Kilgobbin Castle at the top of it, and the date last July."

"There was nothing political in that, I'm sure," said Walpole.

"No, not exactly, but a trifle rebellious all the same; the words 'We this evening learned a Fenian song, "The time to begin," and rather suspect it is time to leave off; the Greek better-looking than ever, and more dangerous.'"

Curtis's last words were drowned in the laugh that now shook the table; indeed, except Walpole and Nina herself, they actually roared with laughter, which burst out afresh, as Curtis, in his innocence, said, "We couldn't make out about the Greek, but we hoped we'd find out later on."

"And I fervently trust you did," said Kilgobbin.

"I'm afraid not; there was something about somebody called Joe, that the Greek wouldn't have him, or disliked him, or snubbed him—indeed I forget the words."

"You are quite right, Sir, to distrust your memory," said Walpole; "it has betrayed you most egregiously already."

"On the contrary," burst in Kilgobbin, "I am delighted with this proof of the Captain's acuteness; tell us something more, Curtis."

"There was then 'From the upper castle yard, Maude,' whoever Maude is, 'says, "Deny it all, and say you never were there," not so easy as she thinks, with a broken right arm, and a heart not quite so whole as it ought to be.'"

"There, Sir—with the permission of my friends here—I will ask you to conclude your reminiscences of my private papers, which can have no possible interest for any one but myself."

"Quite wrong in that," cried Kilgobbin, wiping his eyes, which had run over with laughter. "There's nothing I'd like so much as to hear more of them."

"What was that about his heart?" whispered Curtis to Kate; "was he wounded in the side also?"

"I believe so," said she, dryly; "but I believe he has got quite over it by this time."

"Will you say a word or two about me, Miss Kearney?" whispered he again; "I'm not sure I improved my case by talking so freely; but as I saw you all so outspoken, I thought I'd fall into your ways."

"Captain Curtis is much concerned for any fault he may have committed in this unhappy business," said Kate; "and he trusts that the agitation and excitement of the Donogan case will excuse him."

"That's your policy now," interrupted Kilgobbin. "Catch the Fenian fellow, and nobody will remember the other incident."

"We mean to give out that we know he has got clear away to America," said Curtis, with an air of intense cunning. "And to lull his suspicions we have notices in print to say that no further rewards are to be given for his apprehension, so that he'll get a false confidence, and move about as before."

"With such acuteness as yours on his trail, his arrest is certain," said Walpole, gravely.

"Well, I hope so, too," said Curtis, in good faith for the compliment. "Didn't I take up nine men for the search of arms here, though there were only five? One of them turned evidence," added he, gravely; "he was the fellow that swore Miss Kearney stood between you and the fire after they wounded you."

"You are determined to make Mr. Walpole your friend," whispered Nina in his ear; "don't you see, Sir, that you are ruining yourself?"

"I have been puzzled to explain how it was that crime went unpunished in Ireland," said Walpole, sententiously.

"And you know now?" asked Curtis.

"Yes; in a great measure, you have supplied me with the information."

"I believe it's all right now," muttered the Captain to Kate. "If the swell owns that I have put him up to a thing or two, he'll not throw me over."

"Would you give me three minutes of your time?" whispered Gorman O'Shea to Lord Kilgobbin, as they arose from table.

"Half an hour, my boy, or more if you want it. Come along with me now into my study, and we'll be safe there from all interruption."

CHAPTER XLVI.

SAGE ADVICE.

"So then you are in a hobble with your aunt," said Mr. Kearney, as he believed he had summed up the meaning of a very blundering explanation by Gorman O'Shea; "isn't that it?"

"Yes, Sir; I suppose it comes to that."

"The old story, I've no doubt, if we only knew it—as old as the patriarchs: the young ones go into debt, and think it very hard that the elders dislike the paying it."

"No, no; I have no debts—at least, none to speak of."

"It's a woman, then? Have you gone and married some good-looking girl, with no fortune and less family? Who is she?"

"Not even that, Sir," said he, half impatient at seeing how little attention had been bestowed on his narrative.

"'Tis bad enough, no doubt," continued the old man, still in pursuit of his own reflections; "not but there's scores of things worse: for if a man is a good fellow at heart, he'll treat the woman all the better for what she has cost him. That is one of the good sides of selfishness; and when you have lived as long as me, Gorman, you'll find out how often there's something good to be squeezed out of a bad quality, just as though it were a bit of our nature that was depraved, but not gone to the devil entirely."

"There is no woman in the case here, Sir," said O'Shea, bluntly, for these speculations only irritated him.

"Ho, ho! I have it then," cried the old man. "You've been burning your fingers with rebellion. It's the Fenians have got a hold of you."

"Nothing of the kind, Sir. If you'll just read these two letters. The one is mine, written on the morning I came here: here is my aunt's. The first is not word for word as I sent it, but as well as I can remember. At all events, it will show how little I had provoked the answer. There, that's the document that came along with my trunks, and I have never heard from her since."

"'DEAR NEPHEW,'"—read out the old man, after patiently adjusting his spectacles—"'O'Shea's Barn is not an inn'— And more's the pity," added he; "for it would be a model house of entertainment. You'd say any one could have a sirloin of beef or a saddle of mutton; but where Miss Betty gets hers is quite beyond me. 'Nor are the horses at public livery,'" read he out. "I think I may say, if they were, that Kattoo won't be hired out again to the young man that took her over the fences. 'As you seem fond of warnings,'" continued he, aloud—"Ho, ho! that's at *you* for coming over here to tell me about the search-warrant; and she tells you to mind your own business; and droll enough it is. We always fancy we're saying an impertinence to a man when we tell him to attend to what concerns him most. It shows, at least, that we think meddling a luxury. And then she adds, 'Kilgobbin is welcome to you,' and I can only say you are welcome to Kilgobbin—ay, and in her own words—'with such regularity and order as the meals succeed.'—'All the luggage belonging to you,' etc., and 'I am very respectfully, your Aunt.' By my conscience, there was no need to sign it! That was old Miss Betty all the world over!" and he laughed till his eyes ran over, though the rueful face of young O'Shea was staring at him all the time. "Don't look so gloomy, O'Shea," cried Kearney; "I have not so good a cook, nor, I'm sorry to say, so good a cellar, as at the Barn; but there are young faces, and young voices, and young laughter, and a light step on the stairs; and if I know any thing, or rather, if I remember any thing, these will warm a heart at your age better than '44 claret or the crustiest port that ever stained a decanter."

"I am turned out, Sir—sent adrift on the world," said the young man, despondently.

"And it is not so bad a thing after all, take my word for it, boy. It's a great advantage now and then to begin life as a vagabond. It takes a deal of snobbery out of a fellow to lie under a hay-stack, and there's no better cure for pretension than a dinner of cold potatoes. Not that I say you need the treatment—far from it—but our distinguished friend Mr. Walpole wouldn't be a bit the worse of such an alterative."

"If I am left without a shilling in the world?"

"You must try what you can do on sixpence—the whole thing is how you begin. I used not to be able to eat my dinner when I did not see the fellow in a white tie standing before the sideboard, and the two flunkies in plush and silk stockings at either side of the table; and when I perceived that the decanters had taken their departure, and that it was beer I was given to drink, I felt as if I had dined, and was ready to go out and have a smoke in the open air; but a little time, even without any patience, but just time, does it all."

"Time won't teach a man to live upon nothing."

"It would be very hard for him if it did. Let him begin by having few wants, and work hard to supply means for them."

"Work hard! Why, Sir, if I labored from daylight to dark I'd not earn the wages of the humblest peasant, and I'd not know how to live on it."

"Well, I have given you all the philosophy in my budget, and, to tell you the truth, Gorman, except so far as coming down in the world in spite of myself, I know mighty little about the fine precepts I have been giving you; but this I know, you have a roof over your head here, and you're heartily welcome to it; and who knows but your aunt may come to terms all the sooner because she sees you here?"

"You are very generous to me, and I feel it deeply," said the young man; but he was almost choked with the words.

"You have told me already, Gorman, that your aunt gave you no other reason against coming here than that I had not been to call on you; and I believe you—believe you thoroughly. But tell me now, with the same frankness, was there nothing passing in your own mind? had you no suspicions or misgivings, or something of the same kind, to keep you away? Be candid with me now, and speak it out freely."

"None, on my honor. I was sorely grieved to be told I must not come, and thought very often of rebelling; so that, indeed, when I did rebel, I was in a measure prepared for the penalty, though scarcely so heavy as this."

"Don't take it to heart. It will come right yet. Every thing comes right if we give it time; and there's plenty of time to the fellow who is not five-and-twenty. It's only the old dogs, like myself, who are always doing their match against time, are in a hobble. To feel that every minute of the clock is something very like three weeks of the almanac flurries a man when he wants to be cool and collected. Put your hat on a peg, and make your home here. If you want to be of use, Kitty will show you scores of things to do about the garden; and we never object to see a brace of snipe at the end of dinner, though there's nobody cares to shoot them; and the bog trout, for all their dark color, are excellent eating, and I know you can throw a line. All I say is, do something, and something that takes you into the open air. Don't get to lying about in easy-chairs and reading novels; don't get to singing duets and philandering about with the girls. May I never, if I'd not rather find a brandy-flask in your pocket than Tennyson's poems!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

REPROOF.

"SAY it out frankly, Kate," cried Nina, as with flashing eyes and heightened color she paced the drawing-room from end to end with that bold, sweeping stride which in moments of passion betrayed her. "Say it out. I know perfectly what you are hinting at."

"I never hint," said the other, gravely; "least of all with those I love."

"So much the better. I detest an équivoque. If I am to be shot, let me look the fire in the face."

"There is no question of shooting at all. I think you are very angry for nothing."

"Angry for nothing! Do you call that studied coldness you have observed toward me all day yesterday nothing? Is your ceremonious manner—exquisitely polite, I will not deny—is that nothing? Is your chilling salute when we met—I half believe you courtesied—nothing? That you shun me, that you take pains not to keep my company, never to be with me alone, is past denial."

"And I do not deny it," said Kate, with a voice of calm and quiet meaning.

"At last, then, I have the avowal. You own that you love me no longer."

"No, I own nothing of the kind: I love you very dearly; but I see that our ideas of life are so totally unlike, that, unless one should bend and conform to the other, we can not blend our thoughts in that harmony which perfect confidence requires. You are so much above me in many things, so much more cultivated and gifted—I was going to say civilized, and I believe I might—"

"Ta—ta—ta," cried Nina, impatiently. "These flatteries are very ill-timed."

"So they would be, if they were flatteries; but if you had patience to hear me out, you'd have learned that I meant a higher flattery for myself."

"Don't I know it? don't I guess?" cried the Greek. "Have not your downcast eyes told it? and that look of sweet humility that says, 'At least I am not a flirt?'"

"Nor am I," said Kate, coldly.

"And I am! Come, now, do confess. You want to say it."

"With all my heart I wish you were not!" And Kate's eyes swam as she spoke.

"And what if I tell you that I know it—that in the very employment of the arts of what you call coquetry, I am but exercising those powers of pleasing by which men are led to frequent the salon instead of the café, and like the society of the cultivated and refined better than—"

"No, no, no!" burst in Kate. "There is no such mock principle in the case. Your are a flirt because you like the homage it secures you, and because, as you do not believe in such a thing as an honest affection, you have no scruple about trifling with a man's heart."

"So much for captivating that bold hussar," cried Nina.

"For the moment I was not thinking of him."

"Of whom, then?"

"Of that poor Captain Curtis, who has just ridden away."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes. He has a pretty wife and three nice little girls, and they are the happiest people in the world. They love each other, and love their home—so, at least, I am told, for I scarcely know them myself."

"And what have I done with *him?*"

"Sent him away sad and doubtful—very doubtful if the happiness he believed in was the real article after all, and disposed to ask himself how it was that his heart was beating in a new fashion, and that some new sense had been added to his nature, of which he had no inkling before. Sent him away with the notes of a melody floating through his brain, so that the merry laugh of his children will be a discord, and such a memory of a soft glance that his wife's bright look will be meaningless."

"And I have done all this? Poor me!"

"Yes, and done it so often that it leaves no remorse behind it."

"And the same, I suppose, with the others?"

"With Mr. Walpole, and Dick, and Mr. O'Shea, and Mr. Atlee, too, when he was here, in their several ways."

"Oh, in theirs; not in mine, then?"

"I am but a bungler in my explanation. I wished to say that you adapted your fascinations to the tastes of each."

"What a siren!"

"Well, yes—what a siren; for they're all in love in some fashion or other; but I could have forgiven you these had you spared the married man."

"So that you actually envy that poor prisoner the gleam of light and the breath of cold air that comes between his prison bars—that one moment of ecstasy that reminds him how he once was free and at large, and no manacles to weigh him down? You will not let him even touch bliss in imagination? Are *you* not more cruel than *me?*"

"This is mere nonsense," said Kate, boldly. "You either believe that man was fooling *you*, or that you have sent him away unhappy; take which one of these you like."

"Can't your rustic nature see that there is a third case, quite different from both, and that Harry Curtis went off believing—"

"Was he Harry Curtis?" broke in Kate.

"He was dear Harry when I said good-by," said Nina, calmly.

"Oh! then I give up every thing; I throw up my brief."

"So you ought, for you have lost your cause long ago."

"Even that poor Donogan was not spared, and Heaven knows he had troubles enough on his head to have pleaded some pity for him."

"And is there no kind word to say of *me*, Kate?"

"Oh, Nina, how ashamed you make me of my violence when I dare to blame you! But if I did not love you so dearly I could better bear you should have a fault."

"I have only one, then?"

"I know of no great one but this—I mean, I know of none that endangers good-nature and right feeling."

"And are you so sure that this does? Are you so sure that what you are faulting is not the manner and the way of a world you have not seen? that all these levities, as you would call them, are not the ordinary wear of people whose lives are passed where there is more tolerance and less rain?"

"Be serious, Nina, for a moment, and own that it was by intention you were in the approach when Captain Curtis rode away, that you said something to him, or looked something—perhaps both—on which he got down from his horse and walked beside you for full a mile."

"All true," said Nina, calmly. "I confess to every part of it."

"I'd far rather that you said you were sorry for it."

"But I am not; I'm very glad—I'm very proud of it. Yes, look as reproachfully as you like, Kate! 'very proud' was what I said."

"Then I am indeed sorry," said Kate, growing pale as she spoke.

"I don't think, after all this sharp lecturing of me, that you deserve much of my confidence. and if I make you any, Kate, it is not by way of exculpation, for I do not accept your blame. It is simply out of caprice—mind that, and that I am not thinking of defending myself."

"I can easily believe that," said Kate, dryly.

And the other continued: "When Captain Curtis was talking to your father, and discussing the chances of capturing Donogan, he twice or thrice mentioned Harper and Fry—names which somehow seemed familiar to me; and on thinking the matter over when I went to my room, I opened Donogan's pocket-book and there found how these names had become known to me. Harper and Fry were tanners in Cork Street, and theirs was one of the addresses by which, if I had occasion to warn Donogan, I could write to him. On hearing these names from Curtis, it struck me that there might be treachery somewhere. Was it that these men themselves had turned traitor to the cause? or had another betrayed them? Whichever way the matter went, Donogan was evidently in great danger; for this was one of the places he regarded as perfectly safe.

"What was to be done? I dared not ask advice on any side. To reveal the suspicions which were tormenting me required that I should produce this pocket-book, and to whom could I impart this man's secret? I thought of your brother Dick, but he was from home, and even if he had not been, I doubt if I should have told him. I should have come to you, Kate, but that grand rebukeful tone you had taken up this last twenty-four hours repelled me, and, finally, I took counsel with myself. I set off just before Captain Curtis started, to what you have called waylay him in the avenue.

"Just below the beech-copse he came up; and then that small flirtation of the drawing-room, which has caused you so much anger and me such a sharp lesson, stood me in good stead, and enabled me to arrest his progress by some chance word or two, and at last so far to interest him that he got down and walked along at my side. I shall not shock you by recalling the little tender 'nothings' that passed between us, nor dwell on the small mockeries of sentiment which we exchanged—I hope very harmlessly—but proceed at once to what I felt my object. He was profuse of his gratitude for what I had done for him with Walpole, and firmly believed that my intercession alone had saved him; and so I went on to say that the best reparation he could make for his blunder would be some exercise of well-directed activity when occasion should offer. 'Suppose, for instance,' said I, 'you could capture this man Donogan?'

"'They very thing I hope to do,' cried he. 'The train is laid already. One of my constables has a brother in a well-known house in Dublin, the members of which, men of large wealth and good position, have long been suspected of holding intercourse with the rebels. Through his brother, himself a Fenian, this man has heard that a secret committee will meet at this place on Monday evening next, at which Donogan will be present. Molloy, another head-centre, will also be there, and Cummins, who escaped from Carrickfergus.' I took down all the names, Kate, the moment we parted, and while they were fresh in my memory. 'We'll draw the net on them all,' said he; 'and such a haul has not been made since '98. The rewards alone will amount to some thousands.' It was then I said, 'And is there no danger, Harry?'"

"Oh, Nina!"

"Yes, darling, it was very dreadful, and I felt it so; but somehow one is carried away by a burst of feeling at certain moments, and the shame only comes too late. Of course it was wrong of me to call him Harry, and he, too, with a wife at home, and five little girls—or three, I forget which—should never have sworn that he loved me, nor said all that mad nonsense about what he felt in that region where chief constables have their hearts; but I own to great tenderness and a very touching sensibility on either side. Indeed, I may add here, that the really sensitive natures among men are never found under forty-five; but for genuine, uncalculating affection, for the sort of devotion that flings consequences to the winds, I'd say, give me fifty-eight or sixty."

"Nina, do not make me hate you," said Kate, gravely.

"Certainly not, dearest, if a little hypocrisy will avert such a misfortune. And so, to return to my narrative, I learned as accurately as a gentleman so much in love could condescend to inform me, of all the steps taken to secure Donogan at this meeting, or to capture him later on if he should try to make his escape by sea."

"You mean, then, to write to Donogan and apprise him of his danger?"

"It is done. I wrote the moment I got back here. I addressed him as Mr. James Bredin, care of Jonas Mullory, Esq., 41 New Street, which was the first address in the list he gave me. I told him of the peril he ran, and what his friends were also threatened by, and I recounted the absurd seizure of Mr. Walpole's effects here; and, last of all, what a dangerous rival he had in this Captain Curtis, who was ready to desert wife, children, and the constabulary to-morrow for me; and assuring him confidentially that I was well worth greater sacrifices of better men, I signed my initials in Greek letters."

"Marvelous caution and great discretion," said Kate, solemnly.

"And now come over to the drawing-room, where I have promised to sing for Mr. O'Shea some little ballad that he dreamed over all the night through; and then there's something else—what is it? what is it?"

"How should I know, Nina? I was not present at your arrangement."

"Just so, Kate—sensibilities permitting; and, indeed," she said, "I remember it already. It was luncheon."

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL INSTINCT.

THERE are several circumstances connected with the manifestation of this power which are worthy of note. *Imprimis*, persons who can find their way about every where are generally excessively tidy, methodical, and minutely particular sort of people. They always carry about postage stamps nicely folded in the corner of a pocket-book, whose contents are arranged with exemplary neatness. They commonly bear about with them two pocket-handkerchiefs, the second kept particularly clean and ready to be used as a duster. If you borrow stamps or sixpence, they never forget it, and if they do not actually request payment, they look unutterable things at you askance until you balance the account, which, as a rule, they prefer to have done in kind. Scraps of cotton on the carpet are their horror: a picture hung awry throws them into agonies. If you wear slippers in their presence, they hate you; and if you lay down letters and papers in their way, they are morally sure to put them away in some out-of-the-way place, where you will never think of looking for them. It is needless to add that to untidy, careless, muddling people these paragons of propriety are particularly unpleasant, and all the more so because the former respect and envy their faculty of order as much as they detest its remorseless operation to their own humiliation and personal discomfiture. People of this generally objectionable class are the very best of mortals to take out with one; not on a pedestrian tour, for then the height of enjoyment is to lose one's self, but when some unknown district has to be visited and traveled, and time is precious. Set a man with ten cents' worth of postage stamps, an ever-pointed pencil that screws up, a penknife that will cut, the perpetual possibility of giving change for a dollar, and with a second pocket-handkerchief, and a pair of folding compasses in his pocket, in the midst of the most perplexing neighborhood, and he will find his way any where. Perhaps when the psychological philosopher has unriddled the mystery of topographical intelligence he will explain how it comes to be associated with touchiness of temper and tidiness of habit, and why methodically minded people are almost invariably of small and wiry physique, and take an unconscionable time in wearing out.

THE WONDERS OF A POND.

MR. J. G. WOOD, author of several very entertaining books on natural history, has lately written a pleasant account of his investigations into the animal life of a small fresh-water pond, known as "Mrs. Coates's Bath," on account of the purpose for which it was originally intended. We have not room for the whole article, and have therefore selected some of the most interesting portions.

There were plenty of newts in the pond. These are really very pretty creatures, especially in the breeding season, when the males put on their nuptial splendors. Like many birds, they only assume their best dress for a short period, and when that brief period is over they can scarcely be distinguished from their more sombre mates. The chief and most conspicuous portion of the nuptial dress of the male newt is a sort of fin which runs along the back, and looks something like a cockscomb. It is deeply notched and toothed at the upper edge, and, as it is extremely delicate, it waves about in the water in graceful accordance with the movements of the animal. My little boy took some of these newts home, and, in the innocence of his heart, showed them to the gardener. The man was horribly frightened. He jumped back, and absolutely yelled with terror. He, keeping at a safe distance from the dread beasts, told the boy that "the effet was the most pizenous thing as is," and that he had known lots of people lie down in the grass at hay-making time, when they were bitten by effets, and then they swelled up, and went on swelling till they died. Fortunately the boy was too well taught to believe the man, and his terrors and warnings only afforded the keenest amusement.

As to aquatic insects, the water swarms with them, and the number of water-beetles alone that I found there is prodigious.

There was the great water-beetle in plenty. This, in common with all of its kind, is not an eligible inhabitant of an aquarium. If two or three be placed in a vessel with other inhabitants of the water, they immediately begin eating their fellow-prisoners, and, having finished all the smaller creatures, attack each other, the strongest killing and eating the weakest. I have before me a very fine male Dyticus in a pickle-bottle, where I was compelled to banish him in consequence of his voracity. I feed him mostly on blue-bottles, which he seizes between his powerful fore-legs, and devours in a very short time. At first he was rather puzzled with the flies, they not being his usual prey, but he now knows how to manage them, and a fly scarcely touches the surface of the water, when it is seized and borne below, held firmly in the jaws of its captor.

It is an insect full of wonders, and contains in itself the elements of more than one mechanical invention. In the first place, it is a living diving-bell. Like all insects, it breathes atmospheric air by means of tubes, which permeate the whole of the body. The apertures by which these tubes communicate with the air lie on the upper part of each side, under the wing-cases. Now these wing-cases, or elytra, are convex, while the upper part of the body is flat, so that there is a space between the wing-cases and the body. Every now and then the beetle comes to the surface of the water, protrudes the end of the body, draws in a supply of air into the space between the elytra and the body, and dives again, the elytra fitting so closely to each other and to the sides that the air can not escape. Sometimes, if the beetle be not alarmed, it will remain at the surface, with its head downward, and its body balanced by its extended swimming-legs, and on a calm day quite a number of water-beetles may be seen thus suspended. The swimming-legs which have just been mentioned are themselves very wonderful examples of structure. They are so made that the only movements which they can perform are those of swimming, and they are fringed with stiff hairs so set that when the leg is struck against the water the hairs stand out and act like the blade of an oar; while, when the limb is drawn back for the next stroke, they are drawn through the water from the root to point, and so offer the least possible resistance.

The first pair of legs of a male Dyticus are worthy the closest possible examination. On the feet of each of them is a round disk, which, when magnified, is seen to be made of three joints, flattened and dilated. Their under surface is covered with a vast array of suckers, one of which is very large, two of moderate size, and all the rest very small and set on footstalks. With these suckers they can hold so tightly that they can crawl up a pane of glass by their aid, and hold so firmly that a rather sharp pull is required before they can be detached.

Owing to the great length and peculiar jointing of the swimming-legs, the beetle is a bad walker, though it is a good flyer and a better swimmer. If placed upon the ground, it crawls awkwardly about, and seems to have little power of directing its course. Should it fall on its back on a smooth surface, it gives a series of wild kicks with its long hind-legs, the action being precisely the same as in swimming, and both legs being used simultaneously. If the surface be perfectly smooth, such as a plate or a piece of glass, the insect only spins round and round, and after a short time seems to be seized with despair, and lies perfectly motionless. Though the beetle can do no harm, and may be taken in the hand without fear, I do not recommend indiscriminate handling, and this for two reasons. In the first place, it is wonderfully strong, and has a way of forcing itself backward through the hands, so that a double-headed spike at the base of the swimming-legs is apt to prick the fingers rather smartly. In the next place, when held, it ejects a whitish fluid, which issues from the junctions of the head, the thorax, and the abdomen, and which has a strong and very unpleasant odor.

Perhaps the reader may think that there is not much to be seen in the common whirlwig, or whirligig beetle, which may be seen in vast numbers on the surface of the water, performing its mazy dance in any sheltered spot. Summer or winter seems to be the same to the whirlwig, and even in the cold days of winter a gleam of sunshine will bring out the whirlwig beetles in any spot wherever the ice is not formed, and they will dart about as merrily as if the July sun were pouring its hot beams on them. I need not say that there are plenty of these beetles, because there is scarcely a piece of water larger than a puddle in which they may not be found. A depression in the ground which has been dry for months, and suddenly filled with water by a rain-storm, will have whirlwigs in it before many hours have passed. The fact is that these beetles, like those which I have just described, have large and powerful wings, and can use them with great ease. They can take a flight from the surface of the water—a fact which I believe has not hitherto been noticed, or, at all events, not published.

While stooping over the water, and admiring the rapid movements of the whirlwig beetles, one of them suddenly darted up, struck me on the nose, and fell back again into the water. If the beetle were half as much astonished as I was, it must have been very much surprised indeed. Wishing to see how this feat was achieved, I took a number of the beetles, and put them into an aquarium, thinking—and, the result proved, rightly—that they would soon be tired of their limited space, and would take to wing. After whirling about for a little time some of them crawled up the glass sides of the aquarium, while others darted into the air and took to flight. They did it by striking the water violently with both swimming-feet at the same moment, and thus jerking themselves several inches into the air. Almost simultaneously with the spring, they spread their wide wings and flew away.

There is an old fairy tale about three sisters who had respectively one, two, and three eyes, the elder and the youngest treating their sister very contemptuously because she had two eyes, like people in general. Now a whirlwig beetle goes one step more singular, for it has four eyes, two above and two below—two to see below the water and two to see above it. Of course the beetle has in reality a vast number of eyes, like most insects, but those eyes are divided into four masses instead of two. The reason is this. The insect is continually scurrying about on the surface of the water, watching for prey, and if its eyes were constructed in the ordinary fashion it would only be able to see either above or below the surface, according as its eyes happened to be placed. In order to be able to see distinctly any object below the surface of the water, its eyes must be submerged; and in the eyes of this little beetle we find the principle of that well-known instrument, the water telescope. This is used for the purpose of looking into the water, and is simply a tube with a plain glass fixed water-tight into one end. When the glass is pushed under the surface of the water, and the eye applied to the upper part of the instrument, objects can be plainly seen, the vision not being obstructed by ripples on the surface of the water.

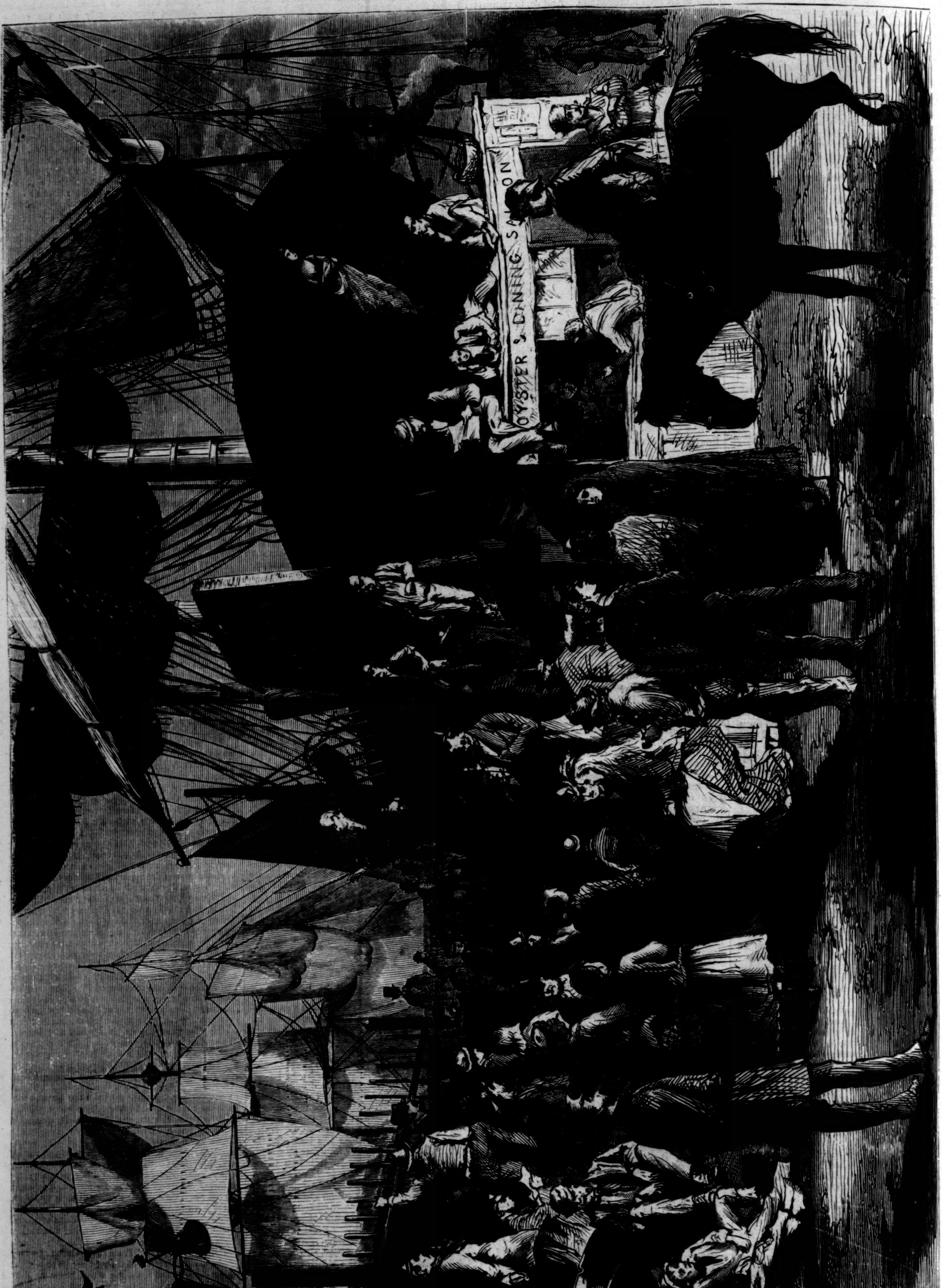
In "Mrs. Coates's Bath" are numberless water-boatmen of various species and in all stages of existence. We will, however, content ourselves with the commonest and largest species. The insect derives the popular name of water-boatman from the fact that it lies on its back, the sharp edge of which makes a very good imitation of a boat-keel, and rows itself by its long swimming-legs, which are nearly straight, and, with their bristle-fringed ends, look exceedingly like oars. In fact, we have no oars that can in any respect approach in efficiency the swimming-legs of the water-boatmen, with their invariably correct action, and their self-feathering blades. The name of Notonecta, or back-swimmer, is given to the insect in consequence of the habit of turning on its back when it swims.

These insects are not beetles, though they are often thought to be so. They belong to another order of insects altogether, and will give very tangible proofs of this fact if carelessly handled. Any one who has caught one of the predacious beetles may expect a sharp nip with the jaws if he does not take care of himself. But the water-boatman, in common with the rest of its kin, is furnished with a sharp and strong proboscis, which it will drive deeply into the fingers of its captor if it gets a chance. Like the whirlwig, the water-boatman is able to take flight directly from the surface of the water, and does so in a very similar manner, leaping out of the water by a violent stroke of its swimming-legs, and then spreading its wings before it falls back again. When on the wing, it flies with a deep humming sound, very like that which is produced by the humble-bee.

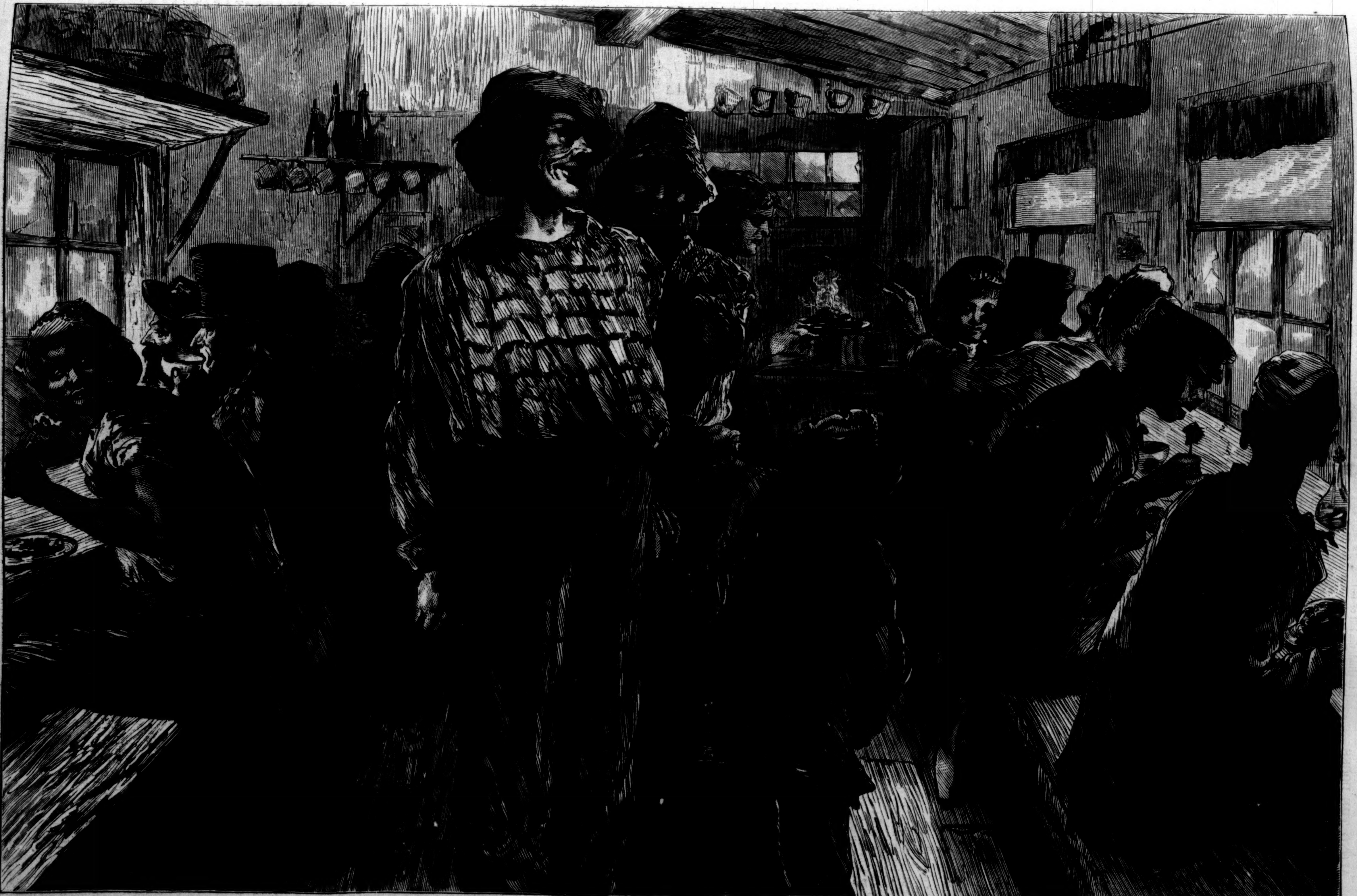
Its respiration is carried on much in the same way as that of the water-beetle already described. On a calm day, if "Mrs. Coates's Bath" be approached cautiously, so that a heavy step does not communicate itself through the land to the water, and that no shadow be thrown upon the insects, whole fleets of water-boatmen of all sizes may be seen floating with their heads downward, the swimming-legs spread wide by way of balancers, and the tips of their bodies just protruding from the surface. A hasty step, however, a sudden movement, or a shadow, even of a passing bird, thrown on the water, will alarm the insects, and they will scurry off in all directions.

By watching these insects very carefully in a bottle, and keeping that bottle constantly before my eyes on my desk, I have been enabled to observe the course which the air takes in respiration, the partly translucent wing-cases enabling the bubbles to be traced as they pass like globules of quicksilver under the wing-cases and finally into the water. The air is taken in at the end of the tail, and introduced into the space between the wing-covers and the body. It is then gradually drawn forward until it reaches the base of the wing-covers, and is then forced out just where the wing-covers fit against the breast. When the insect is perfectly quiet the process may be seen going on with perfect regularity, the air being taken in near the tail, working its way under the wing-covers, and at last squeezed out near the breast, when it ascends in bubbles to the surface. In this position the water-boatmen are accustomed to wash themselves. They are as cleanly as cats, and perform the operation of washing in a very similar manner, leaving not a limb nor a part of the body untouched. Sometimes they will rest *on* the surface of the water, but this time with their backs upward, their wing-cases half opened, and their wings partly unfurled. I never saw them assume this attitude except when the sun was shining directly on them, but I have in that case seen thirty or forty at a time sunning themselves in this curious attitude, which has all the effect of a disguise, and makes them look quite different insects.

I am sorry to say that water-boatmen are very predatory characters, and that they have a great fancy for preying upon the water-gnats, as they are called—those slight, dark-colored, long-legged insects that run about on the surface of the water as if they were on land. They seize on the unfortunate insect, clasp it tightly to them with their fore-legs, drive their beaks deeply into its body, and suck out all its juices, afterward rejecting the body, which to the eye seems to have undergone no change at all, and only to have been killed by the wound. The water-boatman takes from five minutes to a quarter of an hour to suck a single water-gnat, and carries it about most pertinaciously, not even loosening its hold if alarmed and forced to dive.


OYSTER & DINING SALOON

ALONG THE NEW YORK DOCKS—PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 998.]



ALONG THE NEW YORK DOCKS—AN UNARISTOCRATIC INTERNATIONAL RESTAURANT.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 998.]

ALONG THE DOCKS.

We give this week two very interesting though very opposite illustrations of certain phases of New York life, with which few of our readers can be familiar. Even to people who spend their lifetime in the city the docks are mainly a *terra incognita*, of which they may catch a glimpse from a street-car window, perhaps, or from the deck of a river steamer, but to which they are really as complete strangers as they are to Kamtchatka or Patagonia.

One of these illustrations represents a scene which might have been frequently witnessed last summer on a fine Sunday on the docks in the lower part of New York—a minister of the Gospel preaching in the open air to an audience composed of sailors, stevedores, dock loungers of both sexes and every age of life, from the ragged little boot-black to the gray-haired man whose days were drawing near to a close. This is genuine missionary work. Few of these people could be induced to seek the Gospel, and the Gospel must seek them. The great Founder of Christianity himself set the example by preaching not only in the synagogues, but in the fields and by the sea-side—wherever He found people anxious to hear the truth. In every large city like New York there are thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children who never enter a church. Perhaps they do not live near one, perhaps they stay away because their clothes are ragged, or because Sunday is their only day of rest from work. But they never refuse to listen to those whose Christianity prompts them to seek out their less-favored fellow-beings and tell them of their higher needs and lead them into better ways of life. None can know the amount of good accomplished by these missionaries to the poor.

The other illustration shows the interior of a low restaurant, kept by an Irishwoman, in the lower part of the city, where a curious medley of nationalities was always to be found. Irishmen jostled against "niggers;" Chinamen, Frenchmen, Germans, mingled in perfect harmony. The good-natured, broad-breasted, jolly-faced hostess was a stranger to national antipathies. She sold victuals to every one who could pay for them, and was not sufficiently hard-hearted to turn away the poor devils who sometimes came begging for a meal.

The style of cooking and serving the meals was rather promiscuous, but the majority of her customers, like the prodigal who would "fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat," cared more for quantity than for quality or style. If the soup or the stew was abundant and hot and coarsely palatable, it mattered little to them where the ingredients were obtained; but outsiders may be interested to learn that the larger restaurants every evening sell to those of a humbler caste the waste and refuse of their tables. The bit of steak, or roast, or vegetable you may leave on your plate at some first-class eating-house, is not, as is sometimes horribly suggested, served to you the next day in some undistinguishable compound with a French name; it is sold as stated, and appears on the rude counter of some dock restaurant in the shape of soup or Irish stew, or beef-pie, of which the customers partake with a hearty relish, undisturbed by qualms of suspicion. Prices at these eating-houses are very low. Not long since a poor fellow begged the writer for some "change to get a dinner—only ten cents, Sir." "Why, what sort of a dinner can you get for ten cents?" was the natural question. "Well, Sir," was the reply, "for ten cents I can get a *good* dinner; but"—with hesitation—"if you'll make it fifteen, I can get a *bully* good dinner." Here was evidently the lower end of the scale of prices, from Delmonico's to the slop eating-house.

Our illustration is from the pencil of Sol Eytinge, Jun., who made a careful study of his subject. Every figure and face in the picture is drawn from life, and each character tells its own story so well that to enlarge upon it would be superfluous.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILE.

M. Masers Henri de la Tude, the son of a Knight of St. Louis, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Orleans dragoon regiment, was born in the year 1725 at the château of Croisiail, near Montagnac, in Languedoc, in the diocese of Agde. La Tude's father, made King's Lieutenant of Sedan in 1733, brought him up as became the son of an old soldier of rank and position. In 1749 La Tude was sent to Paris to complete his military education as an engineer.

Louis the Fifteenth had succeeded to the throne in 1715. The European war, which had ended at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1747, left the French with a shattered fleet, and twelve hundred millions added to their debt. The debased king, wallowing in pleasure at the Parc aux Cerfs, abandoned every thing to his vain and ambitious mistress, Madame De Pompadour, the daughter of a government contractor, whom the nobles of the court hated, despised, and yet feared. The clergy, intent on hotly persecuting the Jansenists, were exercising the most despotic power, encouraged by this Roxana of the hour, who had just dismissed M. Machault, an honest and enlightened minister, who had endeavored to equalize taxation, and to encourage free internal trade in corn. The king had already begun to act on the fatal principle laid down by himself in a subsequent speech to his Parliament: "We hold our crown from God alone; legislative power belongs to the king only, without dependence and without partition."

It was at this period of corruption that the young military student, eager to plunge into the struggle of life, arrived in Paris. Clever, ambitious, and not overscrupulous, La Tude resolved to climb the hill of fortune by a short and dangerous cut. A smile of Madame De Pompadour secured gold, rank, favor, success to him on whom it rested. By a wild, ill-planned scheme, as daring as it was rash, La Tude resolved to win that smile, and to secure a place at the sultana's side. The proud nobles, the Jansenists, and the strict and religious of all parties hated her with an intense and insatiable malignity. One day La Tude heard some young men over their wine gasconading that they would rid France of the harpy. La Tude had been told that the fear of poison imbittered the life of this woman, who declared that every day at Versailles was a "battle." He at once devised an incoherent project, full of shallow and short-sighted cunning. He filled a letter with some harmless powder, and posted it to Madame De Pompadour. He then rode to Versailles, obtained an audience of the favorite, revealed the conversation he had heard, informed her he had seen a parcel posted to her, communicated his suspicions respecting it, cautioned her to be on her guard, and assured her in lavish terms of the anxiety he felt, and the great satisfaction he experienced in being able to give her intelligence so important to herself and all France, to whom she was so dear. The vain woman, living amidst false friends and open enemies, was pleased with the zeal of the young student, and, after expressing her gratitude for the attention, politely offered him her service. He left the palace, and turned his face toward Paris, enraptured at the success of his stratagem. He had won that smile that secured wealth, power, and all for which he longed. Mathematics were only for dusty pedants; for him now, by day, the perpetual sunshine that gold-lace forever spreads through Versailles corridors; by night the sparkling starlight of court diamonds, and an opening heaven of fair and welcoming faces. So youth's dreams arise; so they pass away. The next post brought the alarming packet. The supposed poison was tried by the court physicians on several animals, old court favorites, grown old and useless. The Pompadour, with Diaforious, and some other of Molière's medical friends, stood round, in breathless expectation to see the creatures drop dead; but no—by all the saints of Paris, no! on the contrary, they waddled, gamboled, crawled, and fawned upon the cruel hands held out to them, and no harm resulted in any way—no harm but to the young Languedoc student. He had won the smile, now he felt the frown. The sky over Versailles darkened as he rode to Paris exulting; then the lightning struck him.

On the 1st of May, 1749, a stern knocking came to La Tude's door, rough hands snatched away his sword, sharp cords tied his wrists; the next morning the poor, unsuccessful, detected cheat awoke in the Bastile. The fool's paradise had changed to a dark cell, whence no voice could reach the ears of justice. The world was dead to him, and he to the world. At three-and-twenty, with a brain full of hope and ambition, he was buried alive.

In the September of the same year La Tude, treated as a mere indiscreet lad, was removed to the castle of Vincennes, where M. Berrier, the Lieutenant-General of the Police, showed him every possible indulgence. He was allotted the best room, and permitted to walk two hours every day in the gardens of the château. From his windows he could see over all Paris. Below his rooms stretched a private garden, in which another favored prisoner, a Jansenist curé, was allowed to walk with his pupils, the son of the Marquis of Châtelet's steward and the child of one of the turnkeys, and there also he was allowed to receive visitors. The sight of the two boys playing inspired La Tude with longings for liberty, and roused his ingenuity, naturally of rather a secretive kind. Exactly at two o'clock every day the elder turnkey awaited him in the garden, while the junior unlocked his door to give him temporary liberty. La Tude commenced his scheme by getting into a habit of running down fast into the garden before the junior turnkey had time to lock the upper door and follow him. On the 25th of June, 1750, the plot was ripe. Tripping down stairs as soon as the junior turnkey came, La Tude instantly slammed the door at the bottom of the staircase, in order to muffle the man's cries and to gain time. He then knocked boldly at the outer gate, and cried to the sentinel:

"Deuce take it! above two hours monsieur le curé has been waiting for the Abbé de St. Sauveur" (one of the visitors). "Have you seen the puppy pass this way? Has he been gone long? I am on the hunt after him, and he shall pay me for this trouble."

The soldier at once opened the gate, and La Tude passed through. Another soldier, to whom he put the same hurried question, replied he knew nothing about it, and let him proceed. The third sentry, on the further side of the drawbridge, said he had not seen the abbé. La Tude replied, "I shall soon find him," and, capering like a school-boy, at four paces from the last sentinel he set up a run and brushed by him, the man not suspecting a young and beardless lad, so gay and careless, to be an escaped prisoner. In the mean time the turnkey who was locked in thundered at the door, and shouted to his companion from the garden, who instantly guessed the trick La Tude had put upon them. The first sentry, being questioned, declared he did not know La Tude by sight, and had thought he was a friend of the abbé's who had been to see the curé.

Six days after this escape, La Tude, with perfect innocence and trustfulness, through the king's physician-in-ordinary, surrendered himself to Louis the Fifteenth. He was immediately conducted to the Bastile. M. Berrier soon after came and told La Tude that the confidence he had placed in the king's clemency and goodness of heart was not misplaced. He had merely been sent to the Bastile in order to find out how he escaped from Vincennes, as only prisoners of the first quality were sent there, and it was important that the guards should be faithful. The young man describing his escape, stern M. Berrier condescended to smile, and affably asked La Tude if he had not always treated him with kindness. "As a father," was the reply; and M. Berrier then promised to give him his liberty in a few days, directly he had spoken to the marchioness. But the Pompadour was implacable in her hatred. She was angry that La Tude had trusted the king's compassion rather than hers. She felt that the story would be another morsel for her enemies, and might make even the king suspect her of cruelty. La Tude was at once thrown into a dungeon, and left there eighteen months. At the end of that time he was brought up and placed in a common room with another of the marchioness's victims, named D'Alégre. Endless letters to M. Berrier at last brought an answer. The amiable Lieutenant of Police assured La Tude that his heart was not callous, that he sympathized with his misfortunes, and that he would have been long since set free but that the woman held the reins entirely in her own hands. Any indulgence asked he would grant, and at the first change of public events both La Tude and D'Alégre were assured they should be the first persons restored to liberty, and compensated for their lost time and sufferings. Two years and six months already in darkness and solitude had been crushed out of La Tude's life, and these bland promises fell unheeded upon his ear. The Pompadour, clever and witty, might retain her hold over the king for another fifteen years; by that time his life would be half gone, and he would return to the world a boy in mind, no career open to him, his friends dead, and the world heedless of one whom it had forgotten. What hope could there be? He was shut in by walls six feet thick, and of enormous height; four iron grates at every window, and up every chimney; sentries on every tower; deep trenches full of stagnant water: he had no friends to bring saws or files, no money to bribe turnkeys.

From this cruel purgatory, with walls like huge cliffs, and girt in by enemies, did La Tude resolve to escape. It required an amount of foresight, energy, and perseverance almost supernatural. No scissors, knives, or edge-tools were allowed to a prisoner in the Bastile; nor, for a hundred louis, would a turnkey have brought any culprit even a quarter of a yard of thread. No news from the outer world, not even of a king's death, reached the eight towers. The officers, surgeons, and turnkeys of the prison had but one changeless formula: "Good-morning! Good-evening! Do you want any thing?" La Tude's father or brother might have pined for years in the room over his head, and he would never have known it. A trunk of clean linen was all he had to help him to liberty. D'Alégre laughed as he pointed with a smile to that useless store; but after seven years of thought La Tude slowly hammered out a scheme. Step by step, inch by inch, he resolved, with the patience of a coral insect, to work this scheme out. He knew too well what he required; fourteen hundred feet of cord, two ladders—one of wood, thirty feet long, another of rope, one hundred and eighty feet. It would be necessary somehow to remove the heavy iron grates from the passage of the chimney, and to bore a hole, in one night, through a wall many feet thick, at the distance of only twelve or fifteen feet from a cruelly vigilant and unbribable sentinel. With their bare hands the two must do all this. But this was not all: they must also conceal the two ladders in a small cell that was strictly searched by the turnkeys and officers many times a week. To every suggestion La Tude's less sanguine friend replied, "Impossible! pshaw, impossible!" Impossible? To energy all things are possible.

La Tude had observed that in No. 3 of the Tower de la Comte—the room over his own—there was a prisoner who never made any noise, never audibly moved his chair or table, never even coughed. He went to mass on the Sundays and Wednesdays when La Tude and his friend did. He descended first and returned last. It being necessary to examine his room, La Tude arranged a simple but effectual plan. On the return from mass D'Alégre was to pull out his handkerchief and let it fall down stairs. One day he did so, then asked the turnkey to go down and fetch it. The moment the man was gone La Tude darted up stairs, drew the bolt of No. 3, and glanced in: the room was nine or ten feet high. He then measured quickly three steps of the staircase, and counted the number of steps to his own cell. He saw at once that the ceiling of his cell had been made double, and five feet thick, to muffle sound; and guessed that in all probability a similar hollow space would be found between the floor of his own cell and the ceiling of that below. When they were bolted into No. 2 La Tude's eyes sparkled; he clutched his friend's arm, and cried,

"Patience, courage, and we shall escape! The floor is hollow; we can hide our rope there."

"Rope?" said his friend; "but we could not get ten feet to save our lives."

"In that post-chaise trunk," said La Tude, pointing to the trunk, "there are twelve dozen shirts, sixteen pairs of silk stockings, twelve dozen under-stockings, five dozen drawers, six dozen napkins; unraveling these, we shall have more rope than we want." D'Alégre brightened up, but again asked how the iron bars in the chimney were to be removed, as they had no chisels, no crow-bars. "The hand made all instruments, and the head planned them," said La Tude; "while we have those we can not be at a loss for resources." Then he pointed out the iron hinges of their folding tables. These, sharpened on the tiled floor, and put into handles, became working chisels; the steel for lighting their fire could be made into a knife, which would shape tool handles, and serve for a thousand other purposes. They talked about nothing else all day. Hope whispered encouragement to these poor prisoners, rendered preternaturally cunning by seven years of slavery. After supper, when the place was safe for the night (one great security in these cases), they pulled a hinge off the table, and, digging a tile out of the floor, dug toward the ceiling below. In six hours they found there were two floors below, three feet apart. They then carefully replaced the tile, which presented no appearance of having been disturbed. Next day they broke the fire steel, made a knife, and cut two handles in which to insert the sharpened hinges. After that they slowly unraveled two of the shirts, drawing out thread after thread. These strings, knit together, they formed into clews of an equal length, and then divided them into two clews, fifty threads to each sixty feet. They then twisted these clews, and formed a rope about fifty-five feet long, to be from time to time added to by more unraveled linen slowly woven in the long hours of the dreary nights. Then came the hard task of wrenching the iron bars out of the chimney. To accomplish this they fastened their rope-ladders with heavy weights, and, supported on them, worked at the bars. In a few months every bar was loosened and ready to be removed, but still left in its original socket.

It was hard work. Every day the two men descended with bleeding hands, and so bruised that they could not recommence work below till after an hour or two's rest. The bars removed, there was still a wooden ladder required to ascend from the moat to the sentinel's gallery, the only way to the governor's garden, and beyond that to liberty. They had no saw to cut the fire-wood, eighteen inches long, daily supplied to them. The hinges would not saw through billets. In a few hours these ingenious men, with an iron candlestick and the other half of the fire steel, had made an excellent saw, which in twenty minutes would cut through a log as thick as a man's leg. With knife and saw they pared and shaped the billets into steps for the ladder, with joints to fix in one another, and holes to receive the cross-bars. They also made a pair of compasses, a square, a reel, blocks, and every requisite for their escape, all of which were, of course, concealed between the two convenient floors. They had also given every one of their implements a secret name, such as Faunus for the saw, Polyphemus for the floor, Jacob for the ladder, Dove for the rope, Anubis for the reel, Tubal-cain for the hinges; and the rule was that the man nearest the door, hearing the turnkey's foot on the stairs, instantly called out the cipher for the special object to be concealed, as the turnkeys sometimes by daytime entered the room unexpectedly. There not being wood enough, the ladder was only a pole twenty feet long, in which were twenty bars, thrust through six inches on each side, every round being pegged in and bound with thread to prevent its slipping. At last the ladder and rope were both ready, and hidden snug in the cave of Polyphemus. It was evident to La Tude that the rope-ladder would so vibrate, as they descended the vast perpendicular wall, as to turn the man using it giddy with fear. They therefore wove a second rope, three hundred feet long, or twice the height of the tower. This rope was to pass through a fixed pulley, and by this second rope the man above and below would be able to regulate and aid his comrade's descent, and render it steadier and less perilous. They also made shorter cords to lash the block to a cannon, or some safe projection. Altogether they had four hundred feet of cord. They then made, week after week, two hundred steps for the rope-ladder, and, to prevent the cords rattling against the towers, they bound them with strips from the lining of their bed-gowns and under-waistcoats. These preparations cost them eighteen months' work, nearly night and day.

All these things were needed to ascend the chimney and the platform of the tower, thence to descend one hundred and eighty feet to the moat, and climb up from there to the parapet into the governor's garden; then again to descend into the great outer moat, and to climb over the gate of St. Antoine. With all these precautions one thing was indispensable, and that was something no care could secure—a suitable night; for if rain, storm, and darkness lured them out, and then it grew fine, the sentinel would be sure to see them, and they would either be shot or dragged back to solitary dungeons, there to pine till the detested woman died. But even for this difficulty La Tude in some degree provided. He calculated that the overflow of the Seine had corroded the mortar of the outer wall, and that it could be perforated with a rude gimlet he could manufacture from the screw of his bedstead, and so he might, with iron bars, force a passage into the outer street. Making, therefore, wrappers for these iron bars, and in spite of the water being four feet deep in both moats, they resolved to start on the evening of February 25, 1756. La Tude, knowing they would get soaked in the moats, took with him the singular incumbrance of a portmanteau filled with two complete suits of clothes. Next day, immediately after dinner, they fitted up the rope-ladder, and hid it under their beds, that it might not be seen by the turnkey who brought in supper. They then fitted up the cross-staff ladder, and made up their other implements into bundles; and as the officer had searched them both that morning, they felt safe. They also removed the iron bars from the chimney, and put them into wrappers. They took with them a bottle of spirits, in case they should have to work in the water. The moment had arrived. Directly the turnkey, who had brought supper, closed the door, La Tude, though he had rheumatism in one arm, began to climb the chimney, but with no sack over his head, and no wrappers for the elbows and loins, such as sweeps then used. Blinded with soot, flayed at the elbows and knees, black, and streaming with blood, he emerged at last. Says M. La Tude, to use his own words:

"Finally I got to the top of the chimney, where I placed myself astride, and from thence unwound a ball of pack-thread that I had in my pocket, and to the end of which my companion had agreed to fasten the strongest rope that held my portmanteau; by this means I drew it up, and lowered it on the platform. I returned the rope, to which my companion tied the wooden ladder. I drew up, in the same manner, the two iron bars, and the rest of the parcels for which we had occasion. When I had these, I again let down my pack-thread to raise the rope-ladder, drawing up to myself the superfluous length, that by the end my companion might mount the chimney with more facility than I had done; and at his signal I fastened it. He ascended with ease; we finished drawing up the remainder, and suspended the whole in such a manner across the chimney that we descended both at once on the platform, serving for a counterpoise to each other.

"Two horses would not have been able to remove all our luggage. We began with rolling up our rope-ladder, which made a coil five feet high and a foot thick, and we wheeled this kind of millstone to the tower of the Treasury, which we thought most favorable for our descent. We fastened this ladder securely to a piece of cannon, and then let it gently down into the trench. In the same manner we fastened our block, passing through it the rope three hundred and sixty feet long; and when we had moved aside all our other parcels, I tied my thigh securely to the rope of the block, got on the ladder, and, in proportion as I descended its steps, my comrade let out the rope of the block; but, notwithstanding this precaution, every time I moved my body resembled a kite dancing in the air, so that, had this happened by daylight, of a thousand persons who might have seen me reeling, not one but would have given me over for lost; yet I arrived safe and sound in the trench. Immediately my companion lowered to me my portmanteau, the iron bars, the wooden ladder, and all our equipage, which I placed in the dry, on a little rising above the surface of the water, at the foot of the tower. My companion next fastened the rope of the block, at the other end, above his knee, and, when he had given me a signal of his being on the ladder, I performed the same manœuvre below which he had done for me above to sustain me in the air, and prevent a fall. I took the further precaution to place the last step under my thighs, by sitting on it, to spare him the disagreeable vibration which I had experienced. He got down to me, though, during the whole time, the sentinel could not be above thirty feet from us, walking on the corridor, as it did not rain; which prevented our mounting thither, to get into the garden, according to our first plan. We were therefore obliged to make use of our iron bars. I took the gimlet, and carried one of the bars on my shoulder, and my companion the other. Neither did I forget to pocket the bottle of usquebaugh; and we proceeded directly to the wall that parts the trench of the Bastile from that of the gate of St. Antoine, between the garden and the governor's house. There was in this place a small trench, six feet wide, and about the same depth, which wetted us up to the armpits.

"At the moment that I began with my gimlet to bore a hole between two stones, to insert our levers, the major's round passed us, with the great lantern on a long pole, but ten or twelve feet, at most, over our heads. To conceal ourselves we stood up to the chin in water, and when they were gone I soon made two or three small holes with my gimlet, and in a short time we got a large stone out. From that instant I pledged myself to D'Alégre for our success, drank a draught on the occasion, and made him take another. We then attacked a second and a third stone. The second watch passed us, and we again slipped into the water up to our chin. We were obliged to perform this ceremony regularly every half hour that we were disturbed by that cursed watch. Before midnight we had displaced two wheelbarrows of stones."

Once when La Tude stood by the rubbish the sentinel stopped and spat twice on his head. La Tude fancied he had been seen, but the sentinel passed on in his patrol. D'Alégre then proposed a nip of spirits, and, freshened by that, they worked for several hours at the breach till it grew large enough. The wall was four and a half feet thick. La Tude instantly made D'Alégre get through, while he fetched the portmanteau. They left their ladders, etc., gladly behind, stepped down into the dry moat, and were free.

Yet even here dangers still awaited them. Sixty steps from the moat, on the road to Bercey, the two men, carrying the portmanteau between them, fell in the darkness into an aqueduct six feet deep and five feet wide. D'Alégre, frightened, in his first alarm dropped the portmanteau and clung to La Tude, who, jerking him off, clung to the other side, and dragged out his friend by the hair of his head. Afterward they scrambled out the portmanteau, which luckily floated. The horrors of that dreadful night had ended. The two friends embraced each other, and fell on their knees to thank God for their deliverance from so many perils. All had gone well. The clothes had escaped the wet, and, cold and shivering, the two men helped each other to dress. As they emerged from the moat it struck four o'clock. They took the first hackney-coach they met; and La Tude, not finding his friend M. Silhouette, Chancellor of the Duke of Orleans, at Versailles, they both fled for refuge to the Abbey of St. Germain des Prez. After hiding a month he and D'Alégre, disguised as peasants, made separately for the frontier. D'Alégre was arrested at Brussels; La Tude, in June, at Amsterdam.*

Reconsigned to the Bastile, La Tude was thrown into a dungeon, chained hand and foot, and had only straw for a bed. Still ingenious, hopeful, and persevering, the poor prisoner made a flageolet out of a reed, and tamed the rats which frequented his cell. He also wrote on cakes of dried bread, with his blood, schemes of reform that might be useful to the government and excite their pity. Père Griffet, the confessor of the Bastile, at last touched by his sufferings, procured him paper and ink to write petitions. In 1758 he devised a plan for adding to the army twenty-five thousand men. In the same year he proposed to prevent bankruptcies by establishing public granaries. This plan was somehow to add twelve millions to the French revenue. In 1762 he wrote to Madame De Pompadour, who was still inflexible: "I have suffered fourteen years; let all be buried forever in the blood of Jesus. Madame, be a woman, feel some pity for my tears, and those of a poor, desolate mother seventy years old." But the woman had no mercy; she turned away her cruel face, and passed on to the ball-room, that echoed with music—music that drowned the recollection of such men's groans. Restless at invention, La Tude now contrived to write on scraps of paper, which blew from his barred window to the house of some ladies in the Rue de St. Antoine, who, one April morning in 1764, showed at their window a piece of paper, on which was written, in large characters:

Yesterday, the 17th, died Madame the Marquise de Pompadour.

La Tude at once wrote to the minister, asking for his liberty. On his refusing to name his informant he was again thrown into a dungeon, and in August was removed in chains to Vincennes. One foggy day in November, 1765, La Tude, while walking in the fosse, pushed through his guards, disarmed a sentinel, and escaped. Trusting to the mercy of the minister, Choiseul, with untiring hopefulness, La Tude was seized and reconsigned to his Vincennes dungeon. On the accession of Louis the Sixteenth, Malesherbes became interested in La Tude, but was told that he was mad. La Tude was then sent to Charenton for two years, finally released, and banished from Paris. Foolish enough to return, he was thrown into the Châtelet, and in 1777 sent to a dungeon in Bicêtre. At the prison deliverances at the birth of the dauphin, the Cardinal Rohan (afterward entangled with the fatal diamond necklace) found La Tude ten feet under-ground, his beard a foot and a half long, his clothes rags, his food bread and water; but, assured he was mad, the cardinal passed on to his court intrigues. A memorial of La Tude's sufferings, written by him at the request of a president of the Tournelle, was lost by a careless or drunken commissionnaire. Providence, however, threw it into the hands of a Madame Le Gros, who found it lying in the mud in the Rue des Fosses, St. Germain l'Auxerrois. She was a warm-hearted and energetic woman, and set herself heart and soul to the task of releasing this victim of despotism. She won the wife of the Swiss of the Cardinal Rohan, then his secretary, at last the gay cardinal, then M. La Tour Dupin, next Madame Neckar. The revolution was letting light into many dungeons. La Tude was at last liberated, March the 18th, 1784, but banished, with a small pension, to Montagnac. Of this exile brave Madame Le Gros also obtained the revocation, and the same year the French Academy bestowed on her the Montyon prize of virtue. After the capture of the Bastile La Tude became the lion of the hour, and a text for patriotic speeches. His papers, ladders, and tools were exhibited, with his portrait, in a court of the Louvre. In 1792 he received a gift from the Assembly of three thousand francs, and in 1793 obtained a judgment against the heirs of Madame De Pompadour of sixty thousand livres, but of this sum he never touched more than ten thousand livres. He wrote his Memoirs, and in 1799 a plan of financial reform, and a scheme of saving the Republic in three months. The idol of a day then sank into entire oblivion, and died in 1805, aged eighty. After all, the dungeon does not seem adverse to longevity.

The most affecting paragraph of this poor man's autobiography is the following, and it reads like a cry from the wretch Sterne saw counting the notches on the stick:

"I have groaned thirty-five years of my life in prison. Yet, while I implore the compassion of mankind, I can hardly persuade myself that I am of the same species, it is so long since I have lived among them......Yes, I have languished twelve thousand and sixty-three days in different prisons. In those days, which appeared so long, I lay stretched on straw without covering, tormented by odious reptiles, reduced to a mere pittance of bread and water. I have groaned three thousand and sixty-seven days in the damp gloom and infection of dungeons, and twelve hundred and eighteen of those days, or rather endless nights, of horror, my hands and feet have been bruised and torn by fetters. Such a length of torments would be thought a punishment too excessive for the most guilty criminal. Yet I was but a youth, who had appeared for a moment in society, and was allowed by all to have been the most gentle, patient, and resigned of men."

After narratives of suffering like these, can there be people who still ask, with inquiring wonder, "What were the causes of the French Revolution?"

GUTTER CHILDREN.

In a previous number of the *Weekly* we gave an illustration of the practical working of the new school regulation in London for the arrest of vagrant children, with the view of sending them to reformatory places of education; this week we give, on page 1000, a representation of the interior of a department of the Ragged School, in Field Lane, London, which is kept up on the voluntary system. This institution, which was begun several years ago on a small scale, has been extended to a large establishment, where, besides boys' and girls' ragged schools and refuges for the destitute, we find mothers' classes, industrial classes, elder boys' classes, Bible classes, church services, a youths' institute, and a penny bank. With the exception of the money required for building, which had to be borrowed, the funds consist entirely of voluntary subscriptions, donations, and bequests, and there is no funded property upon which to fall back in time of necessity.

It is impossible here to go into a detailed description of the establishment, but we may take the Girls' Day School, the subject of the illustration, as a specimen of the whole. The educational course is not of an ambitious type: a great point is made of sewing, as it is considered that the future welfare of the girls depends to a great extent upon their being good seamstresses; cleanliness is another article of the Field Lane creed; ragged dresses are mended, and, where necessary, clothes supplied. A good deal is done in the way of contributions in kind, soup, meat, and broken victuals being given, by which the children are fed. In many instances the girls are considered by their parents to have finished their education at ten years of age, and are then removed to do their share of bread-earning; and although we may not agree with the parents, we must admit that much has been accomplished for the girls' future welfare by that time.

SOLOMON'S THRONE.

A subscription was recently set on foot for the purpose of erecting a golden throne to the Pope. It was to be—as the prospectus said—"a wonderful throne, such as had been erected, by the dint of many presents, to Solomon the King." The Pope's modesty, however, frustrated the object of his admirers, for he resolutely declined the offer. It would, however, have been somewhat interesting to see how the committee would have carried out the building of a throne "like unto Solomon's." The sources of authentic information on the subject are rather scarce, but there is a story to be found in one of the late Aramaic versions of the Bible, which gives a gorgeous and seemingly minute description of the wondrous throne of the "wisest of the wise." We are told that:

"It was this great King Solomon who bade the regal throne to be wrought. He had it covered with the fine gold of Ophir; it was founded upon gleaming marble, and was inlaid with onyx stones, emeralds, crystals, pearls, and all manner of precious stones. No king ever possessed a like work of art, and no empire could produce a throne the like of it.

"And in such manner was it made. It had six steps, and upon each there stood twelve lions of gold over against twelve eagles of gold—a lion always against an eagle, and an eagle always against a lion. In such wise that the left paw of the lion lay opposite the right wing of an eagle, and the left wing of the eagle to the right paw of the lion. The entire number of the lions was seventy-two, and that of the eagles was seventy-two. At the top there was a round seat for the king. And there were also other creatures on the six steps leading upward. On the first there crouched a golden ox, and over against him another golden lion. On the second a golden wolf over against a golden lamb. On the third a golden camel against a golden hopoe. On the fourth a golden eagle against a golden peacock. On the fifth a golden cat against a golden cock. On the sixth a golden hawk against a golden dove. On the height of the throne there was another golden dove, which held a hawk between her feet. Above these stood a golden candlestick, exquisitely adorned with bowls, branches, knobs, flowers, snuffers, snuff dishes, and all that was requisite. And out of it went on one side seven arms, upon which the seven fathers of the world were represented, to wit: Adam, the first man, Noah, Shem the Great, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Job. On the other side there went out other seven branches, upon which were to be seen the seven pious ones of the world, to wit: Levi, Kehath, Amram, Moses, Aaron, Eldad, and Medad, also Hur the Prophet. Over the candlestick was fixed a beautiful golden jar filled with the costliest oil, from which the lights were kindled in the temple, and below the jar stood a golden cask, also filled with the costliest oil, from which the lamps of the candlesticks were replenished. Upon the cask there was the figure of Eli, the high-priest, and on two olive branches issuing from it were to be seen engraven Hophni and Phineas, his two sons. Out of the two olive branches there issued two golden lamps, upon which were depicted the two sons of Aaron, Nadab and Abihu. There were two seats near the golden cask, one for the high-priest, the other for his *locum tenens*.

"Around the throne were ranged seventy golden chairs, upon which the seventy Sanhedrim took their seats to pronounce judgment before King Solomon. Two huge gold fishes were fixed at each side of Solomon's head, so that his head should sit firmly, and over the throne four-and-twenty golden vines spread their shadows over the king's countenance. Whenever Solomon wished to proceed to some place, the throne moved under him by itself, through the cunning workmanship that was in it. When he placed his foot upon the first step the golden bull drew him up to the second, from the second he was drawn up by the wolf to the third, and so on till he reached the sixth, when the eagles flew down, lifted the king up, and seated him upon his seat. The works inside the throne were moved by a gigantic sea-monster made of silver. And when the kings of the earth heard the tale of Solomon's royal throne they all assembled and bowed down before the king, and said, 'A throne like unto this has never yet been made for any king, nor has any nation ever produced the like of it.' The kings, seeing the splendor of this throne, threw themselves on their faces and praised the Maker of the Universe.

"When King Solomon had mounted it and sat down, the great eagle arose, seized the golden crown, and placed it upon his head. Then the great sea-monster began to move the wheels within. The lions and eagles arose up of a sudden, and surrounded the king's anointed person, while the golden dove flew down, opened the tabernacle, took out the Book of the Law, and placed it into the king's lap, so that it might be fulfilled as it is written: 'This Book of the Law shall remain with the king, and he shall read therein all his life, in order that he and his sons may long reign over Israel.' Often the high-priest appeared to salute the king, when the elders sat both to the right and left of him to pronounce judgment unto the people. Now when witnesses appeared to give false witness before Solomon the wheels began to move, and, lo! the bulls bellowed, the lions roared, the wolves howled, the tigers growled, the birds whistled, the cats mewed, the peacocks shrieked, the cocks crowed, the hawks croaked, and there was heard altogether a mighty and fearful noise, the which deprived these false witnesses of all their courage, and they said unto themselves, 'Let us rather give righteous witness, or else the whole world will be destroyed through our sin.' As often as the king mounted the throne the lions also scattered sweet-smelling waters around......

"A throne like unto this was not possessed by any other king. But when Israel sinned, Nebuchadnezzar, the wicked King of Babel, grew powerful, made war upon the Israelites, and destroyed the land of Israel. He gave the city of Jerusalem over to pillage, burned the Holy Temple, and carried the Israelites into captivity to Rablah, the land of Chamath. He also carried away with him the throne of Solomon. And as this wicked one was about to mount its steps, so as to sit down thereon, he did not know that it was by cunning wheel-works that the throne was mounted. He placed his foot upon the first step, and instantly the golden lion stretched out his right paw and hit the king's left hip, so that he grew lame for the rest of his days.

"After Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babel, came Alexander the Macedonian, who took away the throne of King Solomon, and carried it to Egypt. There King Shishak once saw this throne, more splendid than any other, and he too desired to sit upon it. But he, also, knew not of the wheels within, and when he placed his right foot upon the first step, lo! the lion, stretching out his left paw again, with one blow upon the king's right hip lamed him also, so that his name became Pharaoh-Necho, which means the Limping. Then came the son of Antiochus, who made war against the land of Egypt, destroyed it, conquered the throne of the Great King, and carried it away in a ship. There one foot of the throne got detached from its golden chain, and all the artificers of the world were collected together to mend it, but they could not; and so it has remained even unto this day. Then the kingdom of the Great King was destroyed, and Cyrus the Persian became possessed of the throne. What has become of it now no man knoweth."

THE VENUS OF MILO.

Our readers may be interested in knowing how this remarkable work of art came into the possession of the French, who got it honestly. The story goes that in 1820 a Greek peasant in the island of Milo, or Melos, in digging up his garden, found the statue, broken into three fragments. He informed the French consul of his discovery, and offered to sell his treasure-trove for a small sum. M. Brest, the functionary in question, knew little about the fine arts, and consequently referred to Captain Duval d'Ailly, who was lying off the island in his French Majesty's ship the *Emulation*. This officer proposed to purchase the goddess and remove her at once; but this naval and rather hasty manner of doing business was not in accordance with M. Brest's usual diplomatic method, and he insisted on writing to the Marquis de Rivière, the French embassador at the Sublime Porte, before concluding his bargain. Fancy poor Consul Brest being left with Venus on his hands! Consul Brest's letter was lost on its way to Constantinople, but it was decreed that the statue should find its way to the Louvre all the same. M. Dumont d'Arville, sent out to conduct a hydrographical survey, arrived in the island, was shown the marble, recognized its value, and sent a special courier to the Marquis de Rivière. The embassador, on his part, lost no time, and sent Count Marcellus to Milo, with full powers; but, alas! by the time the count reached his destination Venus had been shipped on board a Turkish brig, and was about to sail for Constantinople. The primate, appealed to and even menaced, ordered the statue to be disembarked and sold by auction, and Count Marcellus, of course, picked up the prize and immediately started with it to Paris. The statue, bought in the name of the Marquis de Rivière, was transferred to Louis XVIII., who presented it to the nation.

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* Poor D'Alégre was destined to a sad end. In 1777 La Tude was taken to the mad-house at Charenton and shown his friend, who was incurably insane. La Tude reminded him of their wonderful escape, but his only reply was, "No; I am God."